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SEE OUR HANDSOME PRIZE OFFERS TO NEWSDEALERS.—[See Editorial Page.]

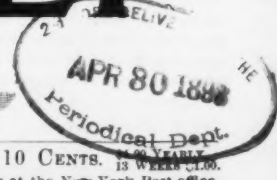
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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

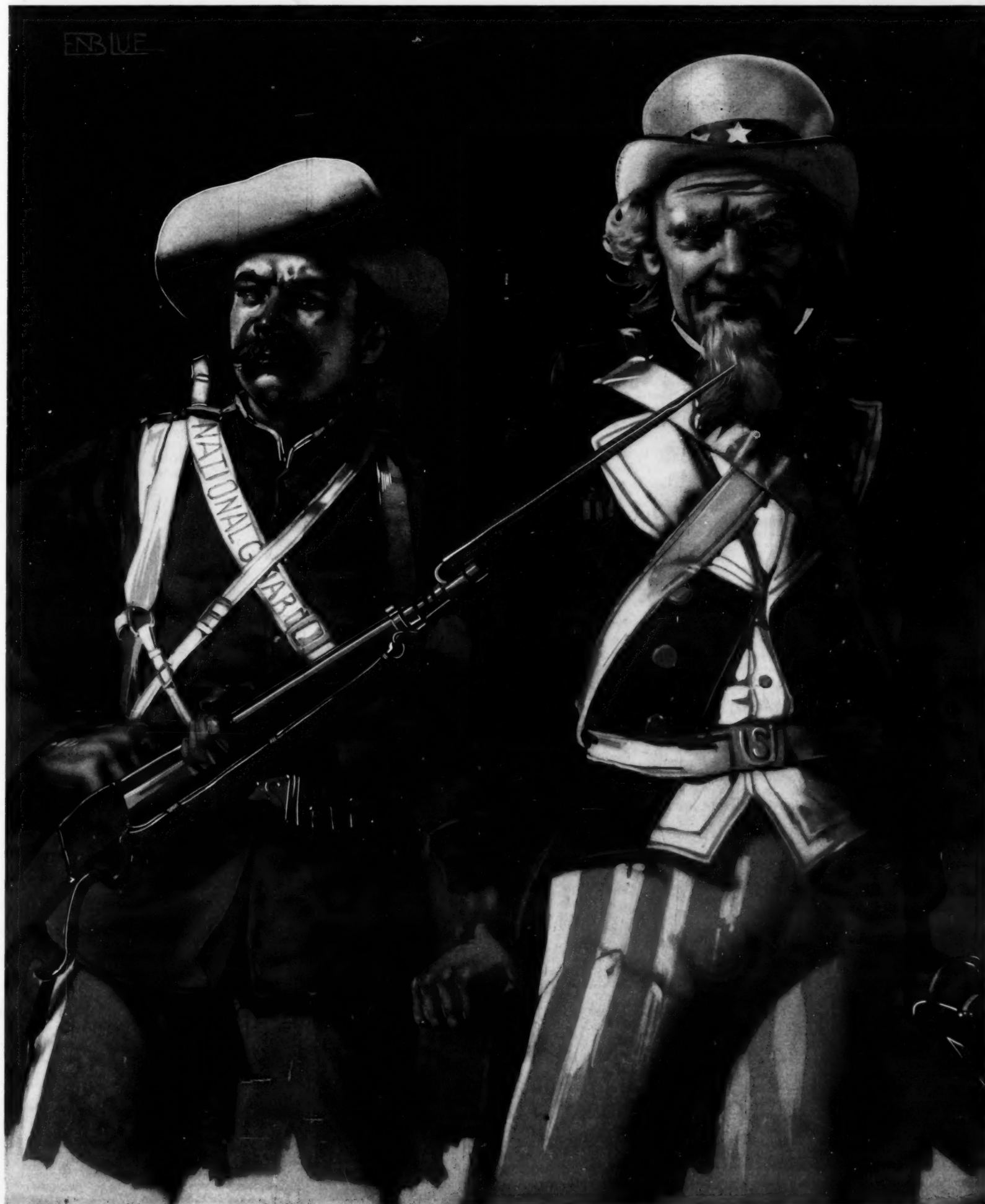
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NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1898.

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ON TO CUBA!

REMEMBER THE 'MAINE.'



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Judge Building, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MAY 5, 1898.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

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## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

## Nemesis.

WHAT a frightful story is written in the fate of Spain! How the vengeance of the past seems to rise from bloody graves and smite the living! The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations, and these sins have grown from age to age, from reign to reign, from sires to sons, until the racial vitality is sapped, the national conscience brutalized, the political possessions lost or buried in debt. Degeneracy and bankruptcy walk in the footsteps of Castilian pride. Honor is steeped in innocent blood and harassed by borrowings which it cannot pay. The whole country is doomed to ignominious extremities.

"Lo, all the pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

On the past Spain has banked so far that the account is disastrously overdrawn. Nemesis has called for a settlement. Destiny has been patient, but centuries of cruelty, robbery, oppression, and despotism have rolled their thunders upon the throne, and the glitter of tinsel and the smiling promise of to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow no longer turn the creditors away. Finance, humanity, civilization, and progress demand an honest accounting, and Spain—bankrupt in all of these—must stand forth, the most pitiable beggar in all the world.

Some call it fate, but it is justice!

## What War Means.

WHETHER a war is waged for humanity's sake, as a war for Cuba's freedom would be, or for the sake of vengeance, or from pure greed of conquest, as in the case of most wars of the past, there is one feature practically alike in all wars, and that is the certain and heavy material loss which every nation must suffer that engages in such struggles. Here is a result which we cannot escape, even though our cause be righteous and whether we are the victor or the vanquished.

To sow death, carnage, and desolation over a country in days of war is to reap a harvest of debt, impoverishment, and industrial paralysis and distress in after days of peace. If the history of finance and industry for the past fifteen or twenty years in this country, since the inflated and abnormal war values subsided, has not taught the American people such obvious truths as these, then it would seem that they must be past learning anything.

What has actually been lost to the wealth of the world in the blood and ashes of war since authentic history began is beyond all estimate. It has been computed that the loss of human life alone in that time from war amounts to fourteen thousand million souls—a number equivalent to the entire population of the globe for the last 330 years. It should be noted here that the class of men who are drafted or accepted for military service are invariably the very class who, by reason of age, health, and strength, are the most valuable to the world, from the purely economic and material standpoint. They are the stalwart, intelligent, capable men. In this country economists have set the definite value of \$5,000 upon the average man considered as a wealth producer. Taking this figure as the general standard of the value of a man, it can be seen what an inconceivable amount of wealth in the shape of men has been destroyed on the battle-fields of the world since time began.

The war losses of the United States have not been as great, comparatively, as those of other civilized nations in recent times, but even the totals here are sufficient to show the absurdity of the supposition that either now or at any other time we may reap financial gain by the sickles of battle. The annual expenditure of the United States during the war of the Revolution was \$20,000,000 in specie. Most of this money was raised by public loans in the form of paper currency. The diminishing value of this slender security inevitably brought about the hoarding of gold. The consequent scarcity of real money, as a matter of course, was followed by suffering widespread and intense.

Our second war with England lasted only two years, but it cost us \$72,000,000 to vindicate our cause, just and righteous as it was. And this did not include the losses to our merchant marine from English privateering, a loss beyond computation, even in those times of our comparative commercial poverty.

For the folly of the Mexican War we had to pay dearly

in men and treasure, a loss for which our acquisition of territory did not compensate. The lives of more than 5,000 American citizens was a part of the price we paid for that display of power, and something more than \$25,000,000 for military disbursements was another part.

For the Civil War the figures of loss all around mount up to stupendous totals. The immediate financial losses were \$4,500,000,000 to the North, and \$2,300,000,000 to the South, with such after results as a national debt of \$3,000,000,000, a crippled merchant marine, a ruined agricultural community, besides the losses occasioned in other parts of the world, including those consequent upon the cotton famine of Lancashire, and the loss of employment to more than 100,000 European laborers. Such, at least, are the losses computed by Leroy-Beaulieu in his "Les Guerres Contemporaines," causing him thus to close his chapter on our Civil War: "Such is war. Its nature is so homicidal that it slays thousands of victims even at a distance of thousands of miles from the battle-field."

Coming to things of the present moment, it is proper to bear in mind the fact, given on indubitable authority, that according to the plans now arranged it will cost about \$100,000,000 a month to carry on our military operations. One may compute for himself what that means for a year of war or longer. We have also in this expense account such items as these: that every one of our big defense guns costs from \$100,000 to \$300,000 for making, and \$1,000 and upward for every shot fired. An engagement between two great modern battle-ships will cost about \$100,000 an hour. And for every one of such battle-ships destroyed an investment of \$2,000,000 or more will be wiped out. Ten of our war-vessels now in service represent a total expense to the nation of \$29,800,000. This is a large amount of capital placed at a great risk.

It may be admitted that the first results of war just now will be beneficial to many lines of trade and industry. It will stimulate some kinds of business as with a galvanic shock; it will give employment to many unemployed; it will create new and large demands for certain products, and thus will seem for a time to justify the belief that war pays. But experience, to say nothing of common sense, teaches us that we cannot escape the operations of economic laws in these matters now any more than we have in the past. The few will profit now, the many will lose later on. Peter will be robbed to-day, but Paul will have his pay to-morrow. We shall have bubble values again, and they will be beautiful to look upon while they last, but they will burst after a little, as bubbles always do. History will repeat itself for us in new additions to our pension-rolls, in increased indebtedness, in demoralized industries, and reduced valuations.

It may not be pleasant to be reminded of these things while the war-drums are rolling and hearts are beating high, but facts are facts!

## Our Greatest Battle-ship in Colors.

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that we have prepared for separate publication a magnificent picture, in colors, of our greatest and finest battle-ship, the ironclad *Iowa*. It is one of the finest specimens of the lithographic art ever presented to the public. It will be 47½ by 24 inches in size, on the finest plate paper, and in twelve colors.

As a valuable memento of these stirring and eventful days, in which the *Iowa*, under "Fighting Captain" Bob Evans, is bound to play a leading part, this superb picture of our greatest ironclad will be invaluable. It is fit to adorn any home.

A limited edition is offered for sale to our readers in return for a coupon cut from the advertising page of this issue and an inclosure of twenty-five cents. To make sure of a copy the picture should be ordered at once, as the edition is limited and there are many indications that we shall not begin to be able to meet the demand for it.

## A Free Exhibition.

POPULAR interest in the lost war-ship *Maine* does not diminish. Thousands flock to see LESLIE'S WEEKLY's free exhibition of *Maine* relics and pictures in the Judge Building, corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, New York. The special objects of interest are the lantern brought up by diver Charlie Morgan from one of the after magazines of the *Maine*, and which was used by Captain Sigsbee at the time the disaster occurred; and a six-pound shell taken from the wreck. The originals of the striking cartoons in LESLIE'S WEEKLY and many fine prints, including first proofs of our illustrations of the *Maine* disaster, decorate the sides of the room where our free exhibition is given. We shall add, from time to time, additional pictures and other objects of interest, and invite the public cordially and freely to take advantage of the opportunity we give them.

## The Newsdealers' Contest.

THE time of competition for the display of LESLIE'S WEEKLY has been extended to May 15th. Until that date our offer of three prizes—one of \$25, one of \$15, and a third of \$10—for photographs showing the three best displays of LESLIE'S WEEKLY will hold good.

Portraits of the prize-winners and of the successful displays will be printed in LESLIE'S WEEKLY. To insure insertion photographs must be mailed to us with the mailing-stamp on them not later than May 15th.

We have abundant evidence already in hand, in letters and photographs from dealers who have adopted our suggestion,

that it pays to display LESLIE'S WEEKLY. An increase of sales of from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. is reported as the result of efforts in this line. Dealers are therefore bound to profit by our prize offer any way, whether they receive one of the prizes or not. LESLIE'S WEEKLY has more attractive features to-day than it ever had before, and it is only necessary to put it where it can be seen in order to sell it.

Don't forget that the closing day for mailing photographs is May 15th.

## The Plain Truth.

A TOAST offered by the Hon. Lispenard Stewart, of New York, at the dinner-party given in Havana in honor of Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee and Captain Sigsbee, may be prophetic in its import. Mr. Stewart toasted General Lee as perhaps the next Vice-President of the United States. It is a little early yet to make up a Presidential ticket for 1900, but it is not too early to say that General Fitzhugh Lee acted with great discretion, courage, and patriotism in the discharge of the exacting duties of his office. He has fairly won promotion.

Whether corporations have souls or not, no one can doubt, in view of manifold evidences of the fact, that they are inspired by the most patriotic sentiments. Here is the great National Express Company, for instance, issuing public notice to all its employes who enlist that, in case of war, they will receive half pay during their absence and will be given their positions on their return. This offer is as generous as it is patriotic. The Southern Railway Company has also given notice to its 10,000 employes that their places will be held open for them if any desire to enlist. The American nation loves peace, but when there is fighting to be done, the people are a unit for war.

One of the cheerful signs of the times has been the promptness with which great financial institutions have come to the front to tender their hearty support to the national government. One of the greatest banks of New York City, the National Park Bank, through its president, Edward E. Poor, was first to tender its services and those of its 5,000 correspondents, to the government, in case a war loan should be issued, "for the distribution of the bonds to the people without commission or charge of any kind." We hear much about the selfishness of banks and other financial institutions, but the patriotic action of the Park Bank indicates that some of our best institutions at least are moved by the noblest impulses.

With John Wanamaker, from the Quaker State, offering to lead a regiment to the war; with our bristling Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, threatening to resign and enter active service; with the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage offering to go to the front as an army chaplain; and Washington E. Connor and ex-Comptroller Theodore W. Myer, of the New York Stock Exchange, organizing a regiment of a thousand brokers and financiers to go to Cuba, who shall say that the spirit of patriotism does not burn in the hearts of the American people? If it is to be war, let it be a short, sharp, and decisive war, with every man and every dollar in the United States at the service of the national government.

A movement originating among several leading Chicago business houses is attracting general attention. The National Parcel Post League is the name of a new organization formed to induce the government to establish a system of transporting small packages of merchandise through the mails after the manner of the popular and profitable parcel-post systems of Europe. This movement will meet with public favor, and the political party that will give it hearty indorsement in its platform will be greatly strengthened. There is no reason why our post-office department should not give to the public as great advantages as the European post-office systems confer upon people abroad, by extending the rates of cheap letter postage to small packages of merchandise. The adoption of such a system would add enormously to the business of the stores in all the cities great and small, and would give the people the benefit of competitive prices for most articles required for domestic consumption.

There are limits to the just criticism of public men by the newspapers, and the press hurts itself more than it does any one else when it goes beyond these limits. Because State Superintendent of Insurance Payn loyally supported the effort of a friend to secure the contract for furnishing stamped envelopes to the United States government, at the lowest price that was bid by any of the competitors in a free and open competition, the New York *World* singled out the superintendent of insurance for public criticism and personal abuse. If Superintendent Payn's friend is the lowest bidder, as the *World* concedes he is, and if the bidding was fair and free, as the *World* does not deny that it was, why should not everybody be satisfied with the situation? The contractor is always put under heavy bonds and is held responsible for his bid. If Superintendent Payn's friend was good enough, as he was, to have awarded to him the same contract by Postmaster-General Bissell, under Cleveland's administration, why should he be discriminated against by a Republican administration?

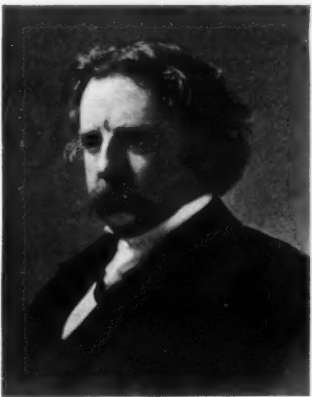
A Spanish newspaper having recently stated that "the Americans are a cowardly race," Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers, son of the Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo, and a young man of great literary talent, wrote a stirring response in verse, which appears in the Los Angeles (California) *Times*. The verses recite a little of American history, and close with these stirring lines:

Since we are a Christian nation, and the blood our veins are filled with,  
Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, Teuton, will not keep forever cool  
When we see weak women starving, helpless, ill-starred children  
killed with  
Filthy water, air empoisoned, just to eke out Spanish rule;  
Since we find that Cuba's Cuban, and the Spaniard but a tenant  
Who defiles the house he lives in, then our duty stands out plain:  
We are masters in these waters, at the main-mast flies our pennant;  
End this hell on earth, or hark ye: Eastward lies the path to  
Spain!



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—It is not given to many to look a poet, to be a poet, and to have a poet's name. Nor is it given to many to have a first



MR. LLOYD MIFFLIN.

book of sonnets receive the most enthusiastic praise from such careful critics as Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Mabie, Mr. Edward R. Taylor, and others. All this has been given to Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, whose first book of 150 sonnets was published last June by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, and went promptly into a second edition, and will probably reach a third before another June. At once Mr. Stoddard gave it a most joyful "hail," and Mr. Stoddard knows a sonnet when he reads one—which is considerably more than one person in a thousand knows. "Sesostriis," he declared, has no parallel in nineteenth-century English literature, unless it be Hunt's famous sonnet on the Nile.

### SESOSTRIIS.

Sole Lord of Lords and very king of kings,  
He sits within the desert, carved in stone;  
Inscrutable, colossal, and alone,  
And ancienter than memory of things.  
Graved on his front the sacred beetle clings;  
Dismal sits on his lips; and in a frown  
Scorn lives upon his forehead for a crown.  
The affrighted ostrich dare not dust her wings  
Aneath this Presence. The long caravan's  
Dazed camels stop, and mute the Bedouins stare.  
This symbol of past power more than man's  
Presages doom. Kings look—and kings despair;  
Their sceptres tremble in their jeweled hands  
And dark thrones totter in the baleful air!

Many of the sonnets in this remarkable book are noble, and all are of exquisite finish. Mr. Mifflin has a book of lyrics in press.

—William Haskell Coffin, of Washington, D. C., is a new genius of the brush and palette. He is but twenty years old. His latest painting, "Karma," was the talk of Washington art circles until a rich California collector bought it. For a few weeks it hung in the Corcoran Art Gallery. For a time no other picture in that great gallery was talked about. The charm of the "Karma" picture is in the searching, the soul expression of the eyes, to which the artist is indebted not alone to

MR. WILLIAM HASKELL COFFIN.

his genius, but to the beauty of his model. She was Miss Harriet Crum, of Canton, Ohio, now a talented soloist in the choir of Epiphany Church, Washington. The young artist was born in Charleston, South Carolina. His father was formerly Assistant Comptroller of the Currency. All the family are devoted to the theosophic cult. "Karma" is a Sanskrit word, meaning:

"That law of action and reaction, cause and effect which is observed throughout the whole of nature, and which in man may be well described in this sentence, 'As ye sow so shall ye reap.'"

—Thomas R. Roddy, of Black River Falls, Wisconsin, is, it is said, the first white man ever elected chief of an Indian tribe. As soon as he has been formally installed Mr. Roddy will be known to the United States government as Chief White Buffalo, of the Winnebago Indians. He will preside over the destinies of the Winnebagoes, settling their differences, advising them, and looking out for their rights, and yet he will continue to live the life of a civilized man with his family at his attractive home in Black River Falls. The present chief of the Winnebagoes, Black Hawk, is ninety-one years old, and feeble, and he will voluntarily retire when Mr. Roddy assumes the office. Black Hawk will impart to White Buffalo

"KARMA."

secrets of the tribe which are regarded as important. White Buffalo will also be presented with a wampum treaty-belt, said to be 400 years old, and also with a fine otter-skin bag. The giving of the latter will be attended with ceremonies suggestive of certain rites of Masonry. Mr. Roddy is forty years old. He was born in Illinois, but when he was very young his parents removed to Black River Falls, then a trading-post. His father, Patrick Roddy, was an Indian trader, and his store became the headquarters of the Winnebago Indians. Young Roddy got to be friendly with the Indians, and in course of time acquired great influence over them. For many years the Winnebagoes, Pottowattomies, and Chippewas, living on adjoining reservations, had been on unfriendly terms. Seven years ago Mr. Roddy succeeded in effecting a peace between the tribes which seems destined to be lasting. This naturally increased his popularity among the red men. He was made a member of the Winnebago tribe, and when a bitter feud arose over the chieftainship question he was proposed as a candidate for chief by the friends of peace, and was elected by a large majority.

—Whether the impossible and the unthinkable happen or not, and Uncle Sam comes out of the struggle with Spain with



MR. E. N. BLUE.

his physiognomy unimpaired by the enemy, the countenance and general make-up of that much-loved and widely-feared individual is bound to wear a somewhat different and improved aspect in the future. It will no longer be the aspect of a clown or of a more or less verdant, weak, and guileless country bumpkin. It will be an Uncle Sam who knows how to be severe and stern, as well as brave and strong, when occasion demands it; who knows his rights and how to maintain them. And to no one is this salutary change in the physiognomy of our traditional American figure-head due more than to the popular caricaturist, Mr. E. N. Blue, whose excellent work with his modest signature beneath has been a conspicuous and most taking feature of LESLIE'S WEEKLY since the present "unpleasantness" began. Mr. Blue was born in Elkhart, Indiana, in 1852. At seventeen young Blue began the climb upward in his present profession by apprenticing himself to a lithographic firm in Indianapolis. His chief and regular occupation has been commercial designing, but occasional ventures in other artistic fields have appeared in such excellent publications as *Judge*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Figaro Illustré*, of Paris. It is in the recent frontispieces of LESLIE'S WEEKLY that Mr. Blue has achieved his largest reputation. These creations of his genius have attracted attention on both sides of the water, as is shown in the fact that they have been reproduced, with critical comments, in the well-known publication, the *L'Illustration*, of Paris.

—Colonel Norris G. Osborn, of New Haven, Connecticut, has recently acquired such a reputation as an after-dinner

speaker that he is very much in the public eye. The colonel is a newspaper man of great resources. Since his graduation from Yale, in 1880, he has been editor-in-chief of the New Haven Register, one of the most conservative and reliable papers in the State. For two years now he has also occupied the important position of editorial correspondent for the Connecticut edition of the Herald, writing over the pen-name of "Trumbull" articles that have attracted the widest interest. His papers on "Yale Reminiscences," to appear in the fall through a well-known metropolitan publishing house, are said by those who have read them in the manuscript to abound in such wit and humor, with so strong a tendency also to epigrammatic distinction, as to place them in line with the cleverest things of the kind. Recently the colonel has been induced to give a course of lectures before the laboring people of New Haven and other Connecticut towns. A notable paper on "The Newspaper," read before the Civitas Club, of Brooklyn, opened the eyes of the public to his capabilities as a lecturer. This was more than a year ago, and since then he has given several other lectures. One of his greatest charms is his easy, magnetic manner of delivery. The colonel's popularity is deep-rooted. It began while he was a student at Yale, where he occupied almost every position of prominence in his class—was president of the glee club, chairman of the promenade committee, and hail fellow well met with every man at the university. In 1886 Colonel Osborn received the degree of M.A., his B.A. having been given him in 1880. He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

—The earliest school of acting in America is the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, founded October 1st, 1884, by Steele Mackaye, Franklin H. Sargent, and Gustave Frohman. The original title of the school as conducted under Mr. Sargent's principal direction and as organized by him was "The Lyceum Theatre-School." It was re-named, in 1889, the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, with the added title given it in 1897, of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School. Last year this latter institution was merged with the academy, and a contract was entered into between Mr. Frohman and Mr. Sargent, by which the academy now shares Mr. Frohman's influence and patronage. Not the least factor of the success of the academy



COLONEL NORRIS G. OSBORN.

has been the constant advice of Daniel Frohman. Its present instructors include: Fred Williams, of the Lyceum Theatre, dean of the faculty; Wilfred Buckland, of the Garrick Theatre; E. W. Presbrey; Miss May Robson, of the Empire Theatre; Carl Marwig, of Daly's; Robert B. Malchien, of "Cumberland, '61"; Wellington Putnam, Joseph Adelman, Robert O. Jenkins, Edwin Star Belknap, Max Figman, Madame Guilia Valda. The school at present numbers nearly 100 members. The course is for two years, and includes training of the body, the art of pantomime, training of the voice, elocution, "stage business," characterization and "life study," rehearsals and performances, lectures on dramatic subjects, "make-up," dancing, fencing, and costuming. The academy is under the management of a board of government, consisting of Franklin H. Sargent, president; Ernest P. Stephenson, examiner; and Benjamin F. Roeder, treasurer. An advisory board includes Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, and the officers of the alumni of the academy. The association of the alumni includes: George Fawcett, Campbell Gollan, Alice Fisher, Walter Thomas, manager of Lincoln Wagenhals, Grace Kimball, Laura Burt, Elizabeth Tyree, Nora Lamison, Maude Odell, Brandon Douglas, Forrest Flood, Ina Hammer, Alma Kruger, Marguerite Gordon, Sarah Converse, Sara Perry, Mary Emerson, Jessie Mackaye, Florence Kahn. The graduates of the academy are playing in all parts of the world. In London alone are Robert Taber, Dorothy Dorr, Laura Johnston, Jennie Eustace, Ray Rockman, Nannie Craddock, Ida May Conquest. A visit to the work-shop of the academy in Carnegie Hall would reveal a very busy scene.

—There has been no sign of the awakened conscience and the advanced intelligence of the American people at the present



MRS. THEODORE WELD BIRNEY.

time more marked and gratifying than the deep and growing interest shown in the various conferences held in New York and other cities during the past season for the discussion of problems relating to the home life, and especially to the needs of childhood. These conferences had their origin in the national congress of mothers, which held its first session in Washington a year ago. The success of the congress went far beyond the expectation of its promoters, both in the numbers attending and in the interest manifested. Strength, character, and influence were given to the proceedings by the presence and active participation of such women as Mary Lowe Dickinson, Grace Dodge, Miss Willard, J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, and many others of national prominence. A second session of this important body will be held in Washington from May 2d to May 7th inclusive. Mrs. Theodore Weld Birney is the originator of the idea which resulted in the first mothers' congress, and is now the president of this association. She is a native of Georgia, but has lived in Washington for some years. She is a sweet-faced woman of graceful figure, and has an enormous amount of energy. But what strikes the most casual observer is her serious and earnest expression, which shows her to be one who feels that "true glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living."

—Nearly every leading newspaper in the United States readily recalls the name of Henry Woodward Sackett, one of the most prominent members of the New York Bar. Mr. Sackett has paid special attention to the libel law, and his short work on that subject, designed to enable newspaper men to avoid needless libel suits and to prepare for their defense, has had wide circulation. He is the regular counsel for the New York Tribune, and has had singular success in defending it against libel suits. He is a member of the firm of Sackett, Bacon & McQuaid, a firm which has done large business as attorneys for corporations and estates. Mr. Sackett's editorials in the Tribune on legal questions have attracted general attention, and have revealed literary ability of the highest order. He is only forty-five years old, and comes from the best ancestry, dating back to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. His great grandfather was one of the youngest officers in the Revolutionary War, and is remembered in history as one of the officers on duty at Major André's execution. His maternal grandfather, Charles Woodward, was an English gentleman, who settled on a large tract of land which he purchased in central New York, and who owned, at his death, one of the finest private collections of shells and birds in the country. A graduate from Cornell, Mr. Sackett first engaged in teaching Latin and Greek, and then removed to New York, where he was admitted to the Bar, and in this exacting field almost immediately won recognition and deserved success. He is a member of the staff of Governor Black, was in 1890 and 1897 president of the Cornell University Club, of New York, and is a member of a number of leading clubs of this city. Few lawyers of Mr. Sackett's years have obtained the position at the Bar and in the public mind which he has secured, and he has won his way without the aid of adventitious circumstances, but purely on merit.



COLONEL HENRY WOODWARD SACKETT.





CLEARING SHIP FOR ACTION.



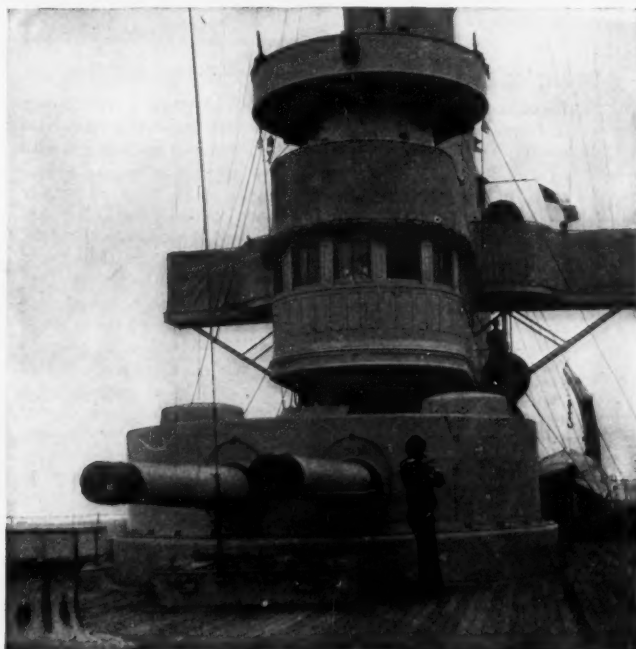
FORWARD DECK "CLEARED" FOR ACTION, ALL THINGS LAID DOWN OUT OF GUN-RANGE.



THE FLYING SQUADRON PERFORMING "SHIPS LEFT"—TAKEN FROM THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE FLAG-SHIP "BROOKLYN."



COMMODORE SCHLEY AND SIGNAL-QUARTERMASTER O'CONNELL ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "BROOKLYN."



FORWARD EIGHT-INCH GUN AND THE MILITARY MAST OF THE "BROOKLYN," WHERE COMMODORE SCHLEY WILL BE STATIONED DURING A FIGHT.



COMMODORE SCHLEY AND RETIRED COMMODORE PHYTHIAN ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "BROOKLYN."

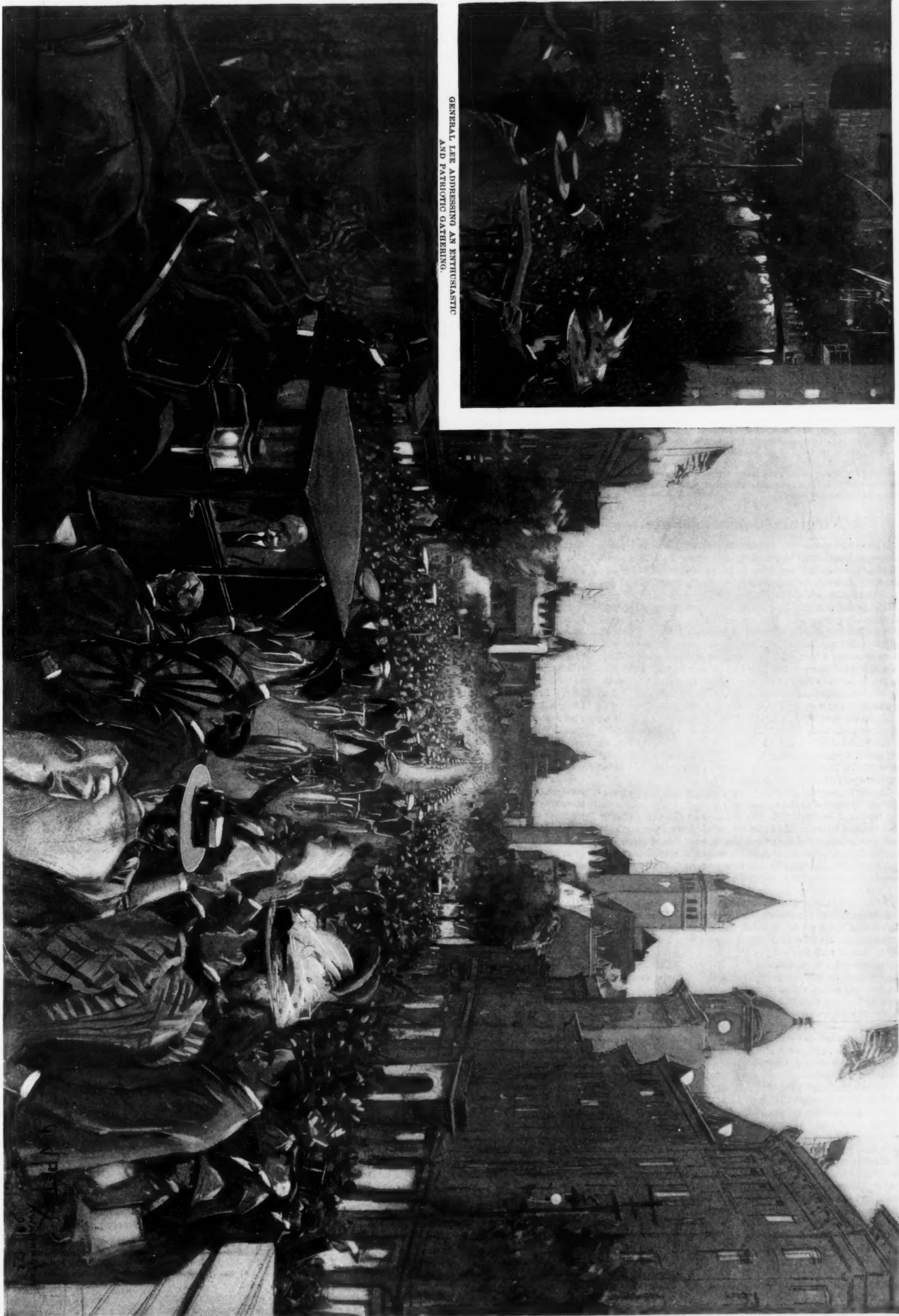
### OUR BUSY JACK TARS ON THE FLYING SQUADRON AT HAMPTON ROADS.

FIRST AND ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE FLAG-SHIP "BROOKLYN," WHILE WAITING ORDERS.—TAKEN BY THE SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF LESLIE'S WEEKLY [SEE ARTICLE ON "CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION," ON PAGE 282.]





GENERAL LEE ADDRESSING AN ENTHUSIASTIC  
AND PATRIOTIC GATHERING.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, THE HERO FROM DIXIE'S LAND,

WELCOMED BY A MULTITUDE AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.





# COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' STORIES

"Dear wife, when you read this I will be no more. I have a loaded pistol and all will soon be over. I, Colonel Kilheifer, have been insulted by a d—d nigger slave. I have been accused of smelling like a livery-stable. Have me buried in a plain popular coffin, without any fancy screws or handles." H. S. C.

## A Colored Preacher on Prohibition.

FAYETTEVILLE, NEW YORK, April 2d, 1898.—In the course of a commercial trip through the South, a few years ago, I arrived one Saturday at Atlanta, Georgia, and put up at the Kimball House. It was on the eve of an important municipal election, when the issue to be submitted to the suffrages of the people was whether Atlanta should be "wet" or "dry"—that is, whether licenses should or should not be granted for the sale of intoxicating drinks.

I noticed an unusual number of people passing the hotel, as if there were some special attraction in the direction in which they were going, and upon inquiry learned that there was to be a meeting in the public square to advocate the license side of the liquor question, and that a colored preacher of considerable reputation as an eccentric orator was to address the meeting. It seemed like a good opportunity to kill a little time that hung heavily, so I dropped into the crowd and walked along toward the place where the people were assembling.

A vast throng filled the entire square. A platform had been erected on one side, and when I arrived the chairman of the meeting was asking if the Rev. Mr. Johnson was in the audience, and requesting that he come forward to the rostrum. In due time the reverend gentleman made his appearance—a large, well-built negro, with no indication of white blood in his veins. After a few preliminaries he was introduced, and began a speech which, for large words, unique illustrations, humorously ridiculous statements, misquotations and misinterpretations of Scripture, I have never heard equaled. Among other things he said: "I b'leve in liberty. I'm a friend ob Jeff Davis, 'cause I gib him credit fo' de 'mancipashum ob de slaves."

"Yo' say, 'Hold on, dar, Mr. Johnson; yo' wrong. Abr'm Lincoln 'mancipated de slaves.'"

"I grant dat Lincoln guv us de proclamashum ob 'mancipashum, but dat war a military 'cessity. If it hadn't bin fo' de wah, dar wouldn't bin any proclamashum ob 'mancipashum. If it hadn't bin fo' Jeff Davis dar wouldn't bin any wah. I b'leve in givin' de devil his due. I b'leve in givin' de credit to de fellah what kicked up de fus."

"Now, 'bout dis prohibishum. Agin I say, I b'leve in liberty. Prohibishum means slavery. Why, my frens, prohibishum dun druv Adam and Eve out ob de garden ob Eden. Prohibishum dun put de t'ree Hebrew children in de fiery furnace. Prohibishum dun cast Daniel in de lions' den. I'm agin prohibishum on Script'ral groun's."

The next day, which was Sunday, I was invited to take supper with the teachers of Spellman Seminary, a school for colored girls. The conversation turned upon the efforts they had been making that afternoon among the colored people to secure their votes for "no license." In reporting the progress they had made, one lady said: "I wonder where so many of the negroes get the idea which they advanced, that prohibition drove Adam and Eve out of the garden of Eden, and put the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, and cast Daniel into the lions' den?"

I said, "I can enlighten you"; and repeated to them what I had heard the night before in the public square, and thus furnished for those teachers another illustration of the importance of a better education for the colored people. W. H. H.

## An Incident of a Voyage.

NEW YORK, April 12th, 1898.—Last summer I sailed on a big ocean liner for Hamburg; there were on board several hundred charming, congenial, and talented people. Among the passengers were a Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, whose loving regard for each other made us all immediately decide that they were bride and groom. He was a handsome, jolly, whole-souled fellow; she a sweet, gentle little woman, who idolized her husband. We soon found out that they had been married some years, but that he had not before been able to take his young wife to his old English home, where his aged mother waited him. He had not seen his mother in fifteen years, since he came to the New World a lad in his teens, and now he was taking his wife home with him that the two he loved best might know each other.

He had worked hard during those fifteen years, saved every penny, and had few vacations; so now, when the long-looked-for-and-dreamed-of time had come when he could afford a two months' vacation, and was actually on his way to his old home and "mother," he was like a school-boy let free. In every amusement the Davenports became the most popular couple, and we looked forward with regret to the time when they should leave us at Southampton. On the morning of the sixth day out Mrs. Davenport came on deck alone, saying that her husband did not feel well. As she did not seem anxious, a few polite regrets were uttered, every one supposing he would see his beaming face at the dinner-table. Not long after I saw the steward come and speak to her, and she hurriedly went below.

The passengers were watching a whale, and they did not notice her departure. Judge of the horror that thrilled us when, a half-hour later, word was brought on deck that Mr. Davenport had just died. Mr. Davenport dead! We could not believe it. Why, only last night he had entertained us all with his fun, and was the picture of robust health. But there was no

mistake. A sharp, agonizing pain, a sudden failing of the heart, a gasp for breath, and he had gone! Gone, with only time to faintly whisper, "Don't let them put me in the sea." Terrible thought of all who cross old Ocean.

His fellow-passengers resolved that he should not be put in the sea if we could help it. So we framed a petition to the captain, offering him a sum of money if he would carry the body to Southampton. The good man listened, but shook his head, and told us that on his line the law was that all persons dying on shipboard when the vessel is more than twenty-four hours from land must be buried at sea, and we were still two days from Southampton. There was no coffin or any preparation for keeping the dead, so he must do his duty, and we could only bethankful that blessed unconsciousness had come to the poor little widow.

That night, as the clock struck twelve, we silently gathered on the lower deck to witness a scene we shall never forget. The mortal remains of our fellow-passenger lay on a plank, wrapped and sewn in brown sacking with iron weights at its feet. Around it stood eight stalwart sailors, their seamed faces lit by the rays of a lantern which each carried. At the head of the board stood the clergyman—a passenger like ourselves—and directly back of him the little semicircle of people which a strange chance had bonded together in sympathy. Overhead was the beautiful star-lit sky, around us the weird shadows cast by masts and rigging; and beneath, the fathomless, measureless expanse of dark water as quiet as a lake, for the boat had stopped and not even the motion of her screw disturbed it.

Oh, that I could portray that solemn, sad scene, and make you hear, as I do now, the words of the sweet burial-service as they came, with newer, graver meaning than ever before, from the lips of that white-haired clergyman! "We commit this body to the deep, to await the final resurrection of the dead"—and the sailors reverently raised their burden and slowly lowered it over the ship's side until the plank rested on the water. A hushed pause, broken by the captain's quick, quiet command, "Cast off the body," a pull of the ropes, a gurgling sound, and the waters closed as peacefully as ever over the loved charge the sea had received, while not a sound broke the night stillness but the slow tolling of the ship's bell. M. R. L.

## Rough Experiences

### on the Mountains.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, March 23d, 1898.—All old drummers who make "wagon-trips" know that when night catches you out on one of them you are glad to find shelter most anywhere. I remember late one night I had driven as far as I could, and coming to a little log-cabin in the Tennessee mountains, stopped and inquired if I could spend the night there and get supper and breakfast for myself, driver, and team. The old man who answered my summons said, "Yes; git out and come in. If you can stand us, we can stand you 'uns one night."

I found this to be a very interesting family. The old man told me he only had nineteen living children. None of them had ever seen a railroad or train, and only two had ever been out of the county. After a supper of fried meat, corn-bread, and buttermilk, I "fell into" conversation with mine host, and he related some wonderful hunting stories. He said he had killed sixty-one bears—which he called "b'ar"—and showed me some ugly scars he had received in some of his "b'ar" fights. He had also killed a great deal of other wild game. During our talk in some way the name of Jesus Christ was mentioned. The old man said, "Jesus who? Don't think he has ever been through here. Is he a timber man or a drummer?" I am rather timid when it comes to missionary work, so I dropped back to "b'ar" talk as soon as possible.

I had figured all the evening how we were all to sleep in that little house. Finally I saw them put seven of the children crosswise in one bed, some more went up a ladder through the scuttle-hole into the "loft," and the rest crowded into the other three beds, and still there was one left for me. My driver went to the stable.

In the morning, as may be imagined, they had to bake several cakes of corn-bread before we all "set in" to eat breakfast. The old lady baked three cakes in the oven at a time, and my driver, who was evidently paying pretty close attention to the preparing of breakfast, avers that when she took a set of cakes out of the oven she put them in the foot of one of the beds to keep them warm until she had enough baked for all. W. C.

## Turning the Tables on Him.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, April 5th, 1898.—Just having twenty minutes for dinner at a North Carolina station, about five months ago, and it being dinner-time, and allowing twenty minutes for dinner, all hands rushed in. There is no regular hotel at this place, and one must get what he can. The table on which they served this food is a large round affair, having a smaller table which spins on a pivot elevated about three inches from the lower one, the upper being about one-half the size of the lower, giving room on the bottom table for knives, forks, plates, etc. On the upper table are distributed the eatables, and in case you want anything all you have to do is turn the upper table which spins around at your command, providing you are strong enough, as there are always some people there who are stronger than you, and who get the best advantages. Around this there were seated about twelve people, all of whom looked hungry.

Well, we started in. I tried to get at the roast chicken, when, to my dismay, I found the table would not move. Looking opposite, I discovered two sinewy-looking farmers who seemed to hold it fast, and when at last it was released a modern Apollo exercised his strength thereon, and lo! to my dismay, was again thwarted. We now only had about ten minutes left, and I was beginning to give up hope, and also getting any chicken, as there was only one small piece left.

At last, as I thought, some one came to my rescue. The table seemed to give one tremendous spin, and I was in ecstasies at only the thought of claiming that solitary chicken-bone; but it came around so fast I saw I could not stop it, and, becoming desperate, I seized the opportunity and also a fork to make a general dive. I closed my eyes, after taking a good survey,

## Prizes for Commercial Travelers.

THE Commercial Travelers' stories, which have been printed from time to time in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, in competition for our offers of a prize of fifty dollars for the best story of from one hundred to five hundred words, and one hundred dollars for the best story of from five hundred to two thousand words, is getting very interesting as June 1st—the date of the close of the contest—approaches. We shall publish fresh installments of these stories from time to time as opportunity and space permit, and invite commercial travelers throughout the world to send us their most interesting experiences and take a chance in the competition.

## A Virginia Colonel's Fate.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, March 15th, 1898.—I will tell you a story that I picked up in this delightful city. In 1878 a small Virginia town added one more to its population of 200 in the person of Colonel Adolph Kilheifer. The colonel had at last decided that he could never lower the ever-growing mortgage on his farm, and the best thing to do was to pack up and move to the village and look for something easier. He could look back a few years and think of his slaves by the hundred, when he had to almost push negro servants out of the way when he was in a hurry; of his carriages and fine stock. What the war did not free was lost in speculation on tobacco and by investing in security debts. He was now a bankrupt, with nothing left but his faithful wife and an old negro "mammy" that he had sworn to care for through life.

Months passed by and nothing could he find to do. If he asked for a clerkship he was told he was too old. He once tried to lease the hotel, but the landlord told him he would run all the guests away discussing the war. Finally an opening did show itself. The liveryman, on account of bad health, wanted to rent his stable already furnished.

Mrs. Kilheifer was the first to hear of it, and at the supper-table she suggested to the colonel that he make the purchase.

"Madam," he said, "do you think that Colonel Kilheifer would run a livery-stable? Do you think I would curry, rub, and harness horses for the poor white trash of this county? Do you think I would grease a buggy or wagon for some man that perhaps fifteen years ago I could have bought if he were black? Never. I would rather be carried to the potter's field."

"Colonel Kilheifer," she said, "you will be taken to a potter's field if we don't get something more to eat. We have not enough provisions for a week. I need clothes. Winter is coming on and we are out of wood, and 'Mammy' needs a new calico dress. Many a high-toned, honest Southerner has run livery-stables, and why not you?"

The colonel agreed to go and see if he could secure it, and after supper he saw the proprietor and the trade was closed. He took possession the next morning, and after waiting three days he had his first call for a rig. A negro, one of his ex-slaves, wanted a carriage for a negro ball. It would have to accommodate two "colored ladies and two colored gentlemen," and he requested the colonel to do the driving. The colonel made no reply. He went at once to see his wife, and to her he said: "By the eternal, madam, I have been insulted, and that by one of my slaves! Give me my brace of pistols. He asked me to drive him and a lot of nigger wenches to a dance. I will shoot daylight through him in five minutes."

After an hour's talk Mrs. Kilheifer persuaded him to do the driving. She told him it would be at night, that no one could see them, and that the five-dollar bill would lift many a care from her. The colonel went to see his customers and agreed to do the driving if they would meet him on the outskirts of town by a large oak-tree. The colonel hooked up his poorest team, put on the wagon-harness, and arrived at the ball on time. The night was dark and the rain was freezing as it fell. He stayed on his carriage until nearly frozen and went in by the fire to warm. In a few minutes one of the negroes came up to him and said: "Colonel, I don't mean to insult you, but the ladies object to you staying in here. They says this is a swell ball, and some of the ladies complains that you smells of the stable."

The colonel left his crowd, got on the carriage, and drove back to the stable. I went to the stable next morning to hire a team to make my regular thirty-day trip to see the merchants in the interior. As I put my sample-case down in the door I saw the colonel was a corpse and still on his carriage-seat. Looking on the blackboard used for calls I read the following:



and plunged my fork, when, to my utter disappointment and dismay, found that the prize I drew was a baked potato, when, on looking at the clock, the terrible fact came to my mind that we had just three minutes left.

As a matter of compulsion I tried the baked potato, but dropped it almost at the same time I picked it up, as the porter stood in the doorway calling out that time was up. I confess I was much more hungry when I went out than when I came in, but, having occupied a seat at the table, was compelled to pay full fare, which is fifty cents. I spoke to the proprietor, telling him that I had only had a baked potato, which he surely could not charge fifty cents for, but no argument seemed to have any effect. He said it was there to eat, and whoever did not eat had only himself to blame.

But what took my eye most was the placard pasted over the door as we made our exit, which read as follows: "We employ no waiters, but make up the difference in what we serve to eat." I would rather have had the waiters, myself, even though it would have cost me twenty-five cents to tip; but such is life in the far South, and funny experiences come to us when we least expect them; but I can assure you if ever I strike that place again I shall take a "ball and chain" with me, as I think the only way for a light-weight to get his appetite appeased at that place would be to cast an anchor.

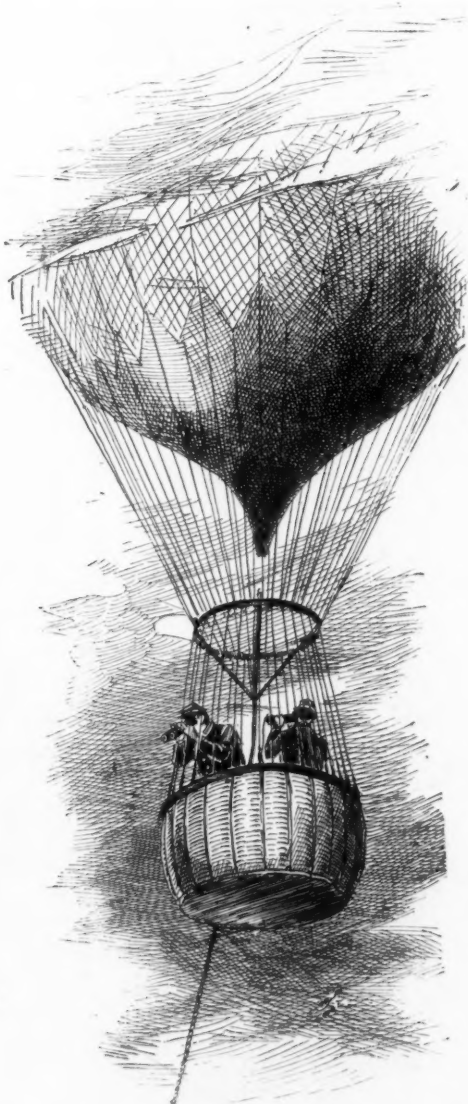
WILLIAM GROEDEL.

(Other stories in this competition are to appear.)

## Balloons in Warfare.

HOW THEY COULD BE UTILIZED TO DESTROY IRON-CLADS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

The photograph herewith shown, of a balloon operated by me for observation purposes during portions of an entire season at Sandy Hook, within the government grounds adjoining Highland Beach and the twin lights of the Navesink, presents, probably, the utmost advance yet made in practically operating captives for observations, with light equipment, in the open field, with portable gas generators. The observer, seated on a shingle "boatswain's" chair, has in front of him another thin shelf supporting telephone and telegraph instruments. Three ropes, through pulleys at wide distances apart on the ground, converge like tripod legs and unite at the pivot, retaining the balloon captive and the car in any desired position. One of



these ropes serves as electrical connection between car and ground. The observer wears a cap with aluminum band supporting an aluminum binocular field-glass of long focus, attached firmly to both eyes by hooks behind the ears, like spectacles, thus leaving both hands free to work his instruments or turn and hold the car confronting any point. What his eyes see plainly fifteen miles away his hands or lips convey. By this simple combination of reliable apparatus, during part of an entire season, the results of distant observations were instantly wired over submarine and air lines over thirty miles along the coast to Jersey City and New York.

Sandy Hook is New York's outer bastion of defense. An aerial observatory here gives earliest notice possible of any coming event at sea, and cannot be interfered with. Its eyesight has a longer range than any rifle ever yet to be invented.

With such an outpost for aerial observation, and with a fleet of gas balloons to act as sailing distributors of the highest types of explosives among a hostile fleet below, every missile

dropped into the water near an ironclad may be as dangerous as the explosive which at a touch destroyed our great battle-ship *Maine* in Havana harbor. A man, or a balloon, might be lost. But moving balloons are scarcely assailable themselves, while a shell tossed from the hand above discharges the highest known explosives safely, without aid of guns, by gravitative force alone.

The locality of Sandy Hook almost always has breezes at command for transporting balloons. These winds are usually diverse, above and below, and supply a return route or a safe landing on the opposite coasts, while the water itself is not hereabout a deserted waste, and balloonists may be picked up. The chief requisite is impermeable gas-balloons, speedily constructed and rapidly put in operation.

War would develop a fertility of destruction invention in this line which would shock the world as did the advent of the rail-clad *Merrimac* and that conquering "cheese-box on a raft," the Ericsson monitor, which revolutionized marine warfare and made navies then existing "out of date."

I pledge myself to complete within five days' time one or more two-man war-balloon equipments, made impenetrable to hydrogen by ten coats of varnish on each sheet of fabric instead of two, which existed on the Andrée polar balloon made by the most famous of European manufacturers. I will further engage to deliver, within thirty days after application, a complete and practicable air-ship, propelled by a twelve horse-power explosion motor, weighing only 200 pounds with its stores for one day's operation. Its advent only waits upon the necessity for its use.

CARL E. MYERS.

Balloon Farm, Frankfort, New York, March 16th, 1898.

## For Honor and For God.

AMERICA, stand up! The time has come

To blow shrill bugle-calls throughout this land.

Drop the white flag of peace from thy firm hand,

And bid the long, wild rattle of the drum

Quicken the blood of men from shore to shore.

Nations, on our swords gathered is no rust!

Peace if it may be; red war, if it must!

For we love peace—but we love honor more.

Fling out again o'er every battle-ship

That old white flag with the inspired device—

The pine-tree springing from the lowly sod

Thrilled big with prayer to its trembling tip!

Then will the old fire melt these veins of ice,

And we will fight—for honor and for God!

ELLA HIGGINSON.

## The San Francisco Shock.

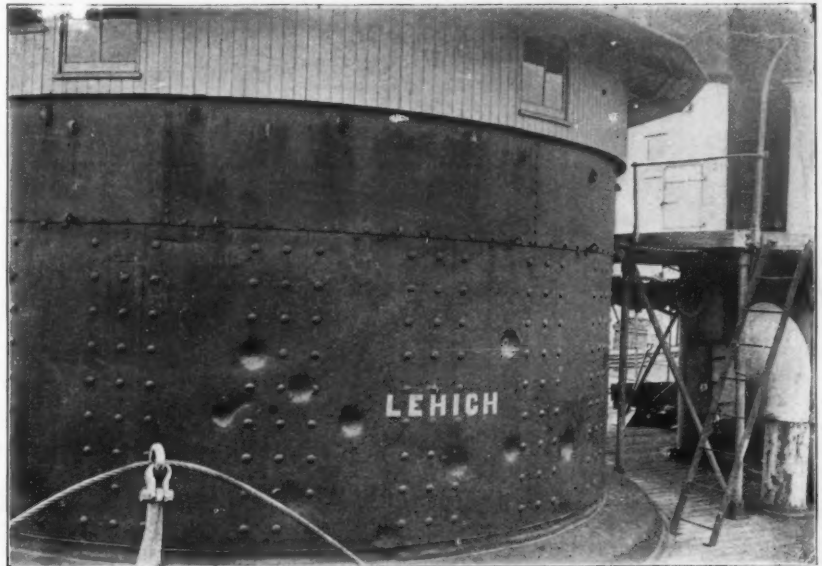
HOW THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE AFFECTED DIFFERENT PERSONS.

THE telegraphic dispatches in the daily papers have acquainted your readers with the main facts of the earthquake of March 30th. It was the most severe earthquake ever felt in this city, though it was not as destructive as the shake of 1868, in which many buildings were thrown down, and four people killed. According to the seismograph at the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, the vibration lasted forty seconds, and the approximate motion of the earth was a quarter of an inch. In ordinary earthquakes the motion is a few hundredths of an inch.

At the hotels Eastern visitors, who had never experienced an earthquake before, were badly frightened. The hour being a quarter to twelve, most of them were in their beds, and many appeared in various forms of *deshabille*. Marion Crawford, who had delivered a lecture on the Pope, was eating his supper. He lifted his head at the first shock, remarked that he had "felt lots of earthquakes before," and calmly went on with his meal. Tod Sloan, the jockey, was in his bath. He went on slashing round in the water till the shocks ceased; then he sprang out, donned a fur coat, and joined the disheveled throng in the passage. I cannot tell what woke me, but I have observed before that a sharp earthquake is generally preceded by a premonitory warning, which is neither audible nor visible, but is felt. I was wide awake when a terrible roar burst upon the midnight stillness. It was not like a clap of thunder, but was a scraping, grating sound, such as might have been produced by the passage, at lightning speed, of a park of heavy artillery over the stone pavements.

Rumble is too feeble a word to describe it; it was more like a reverberating explosion. This must have lasted three or four seconds; then the house began to shake and rock and the timbers to crack, and the motion continued for over half a minute. In some earthquakes the motion is oscillating, like that of a cradle which is roughly rocked; in the one of last night the vibrations were sharp and violent, such as a rat probably experiences when a fierce bull-terrier shakes him to break his spine. But the damage done was small. No walls were split nor fires started. In a neighbor's house a chandelier was thrown down, and objects on a chiffoniere were pitched to the floor; in the mission, rickety sheds set on piles collapsed, as the huts on the Tokaido in Japan did in 1894; but where I live there was no breakage of crockery, and pictures hung on the walls did not move.

The effect of an earthquake on the nerves is very peculiar.



TURRET OF THE "LEHIGH" SHOWING INDENTATION MADE BY SHOT IN THE CIVIL WAR.

It disturbs the stomach; people of delicate constitution are made sick. And it fills the mind with a nameless terror. The bravest tremble at the thought that they are face to face with the inscrutable, immeasurable forces of nature, and that they cannot form the least idea how long the contest will last, nor how it will end. The energies are paralyzed by the consciousness of utter helplessness.

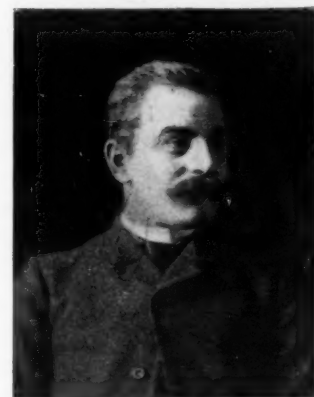
There was no exodus into the squares; but many left their beds to see how the sky-scrapers endured the shock. Of these there are three—the Mills building, the *Chronicle* building, and the Claus Spreckels building; anxiety was felt concerning the last, which has only been lately erected, and is some seventeen stories high. It rocked, as tall steeples rock in a gale, but it stood, and when the shock was over not a stone had moved out of place.

JOHN BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO.

## "Leslie's Weekly" in the Field.

MR. F. CRESSON SCHELL, the head of our staff of special artists now with the fleet at Key West, eager to get as near to the front as he can, is



MR. F. CRESSON SCHELL.

a member of the well-known Philadelphia family, distinguished in marine art. His father, Mr. F. H. Schell, and his uncle, Mr. F. B. Schell, are known the world over for their skill as marine artists. The former served as a war artist for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* in the Rebellion. Mr. F. Cresson Schell, though a young man, has already given unquestioned evidence of inherited genius and long and careful study. The readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* had a good taste of his quality

in the colored sketch of the ironclad *Maine* given in a recent supplement, and in the recent picture of the battle-ship *Iowa* in colors, which was one of the best of Mr. Schell's able efforts. He combines with his artistic ability a keen and discriminating judgment which is of the highest value in the work he is doing for our readers at this time.

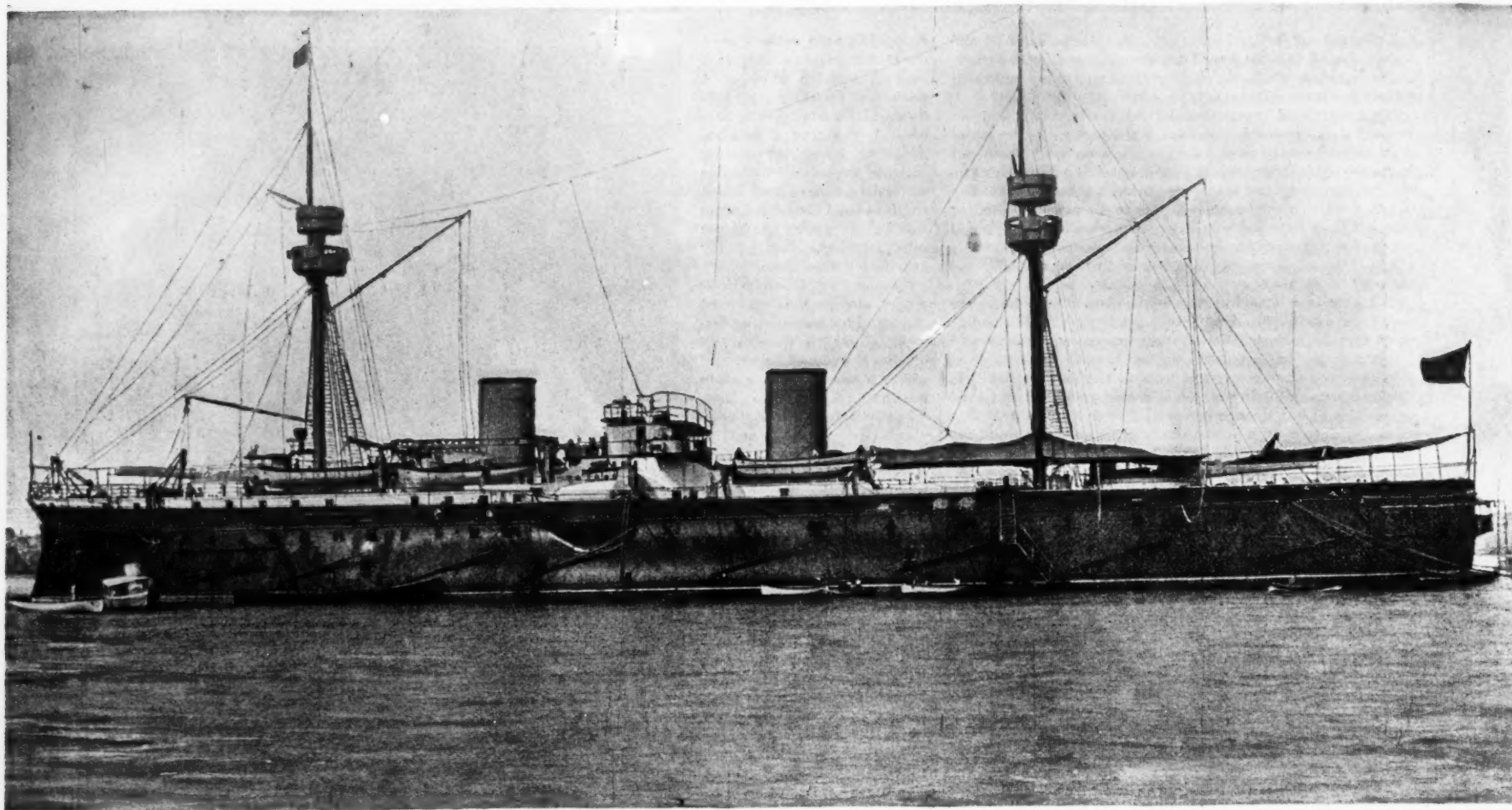
Mr. Edwin Emerson, Jr., chief of our staff of war correspondents, is now at Key West, whence he will follow our flying



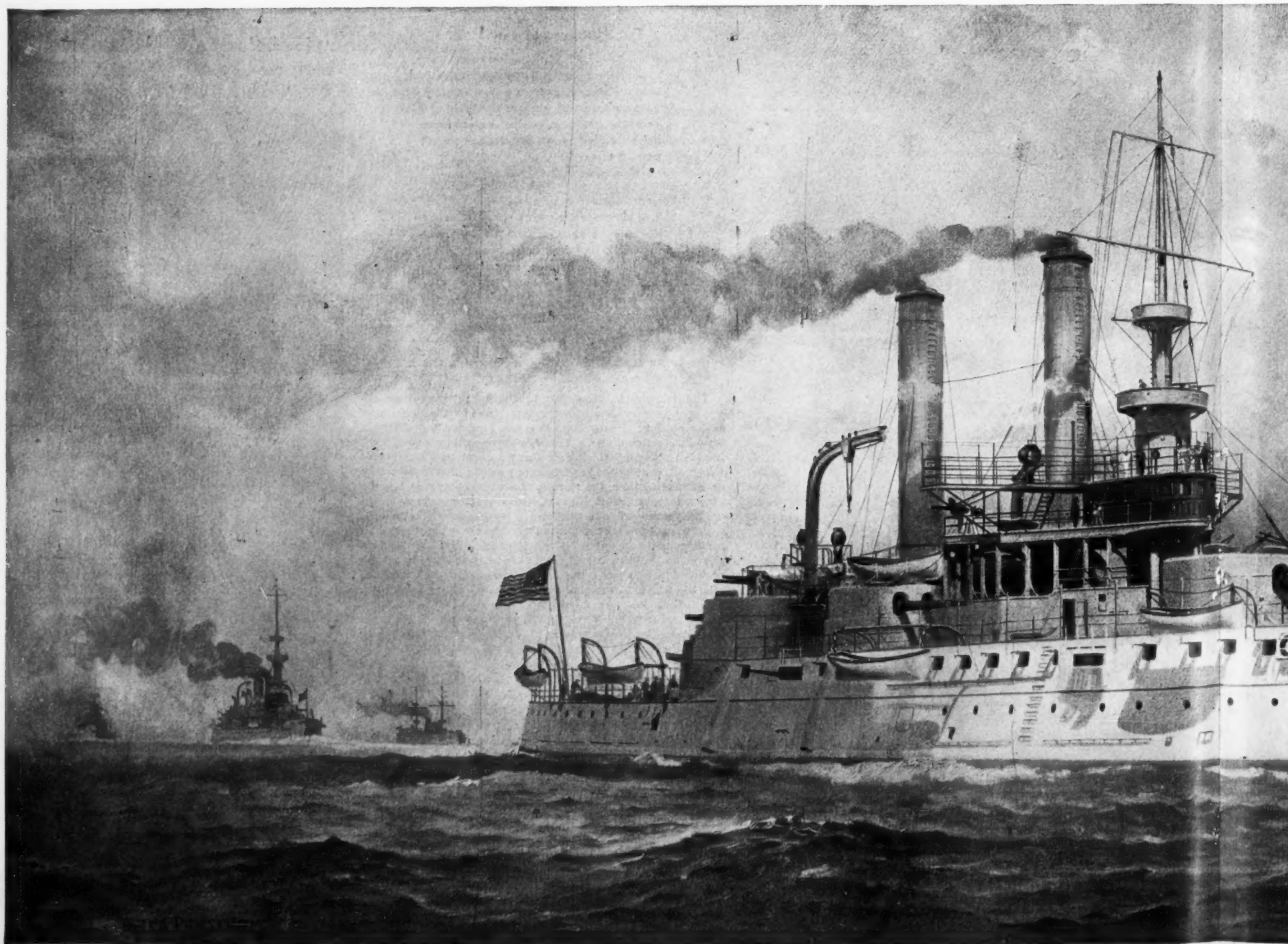
MR. EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

squadron on their way to action with the Spanish fleet. He is an active journalist, and has contributed to various magazines and weekly periodicals. He is the author of the clever papers on New York life now collected in book form, to be issued in Boston, together with his quaint translation of the best of Balzac's tales in Elizabethan style. He is also the permanent editor of the *American College Year Book and Athletic Record*, a book that has made his reputation as a conscientious and painstaking man of letters. Mr. Emerson is a graduate of Harvard, and served for a while as secretary under Ambassador Andrew D. White at Berlin. He received his first journalistic training on the staff of the *New York Evening Post*, and afterward won his editorial spurs under the late Charles A. Dana, on the staff of the *New York Sun*. During the recent political campaign in New York he distinguished himself as a stump-speaker and political pamphleteer for Mr. Seth Low, who afterward showed his recognition of the young journalist's ability by appointing him as one of his secretaries at Columbia University, a position he filled with honor up to a fortnight ago. When the war-cloud began to look threatening the young writer was drawn away from the quiet academic halls of the great university and resigned to go to the front as *LESLIE'S WEEKLY's* war correspondent.





THE SPANISH BATTLE-SHIP "PELAYO."



THE AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP

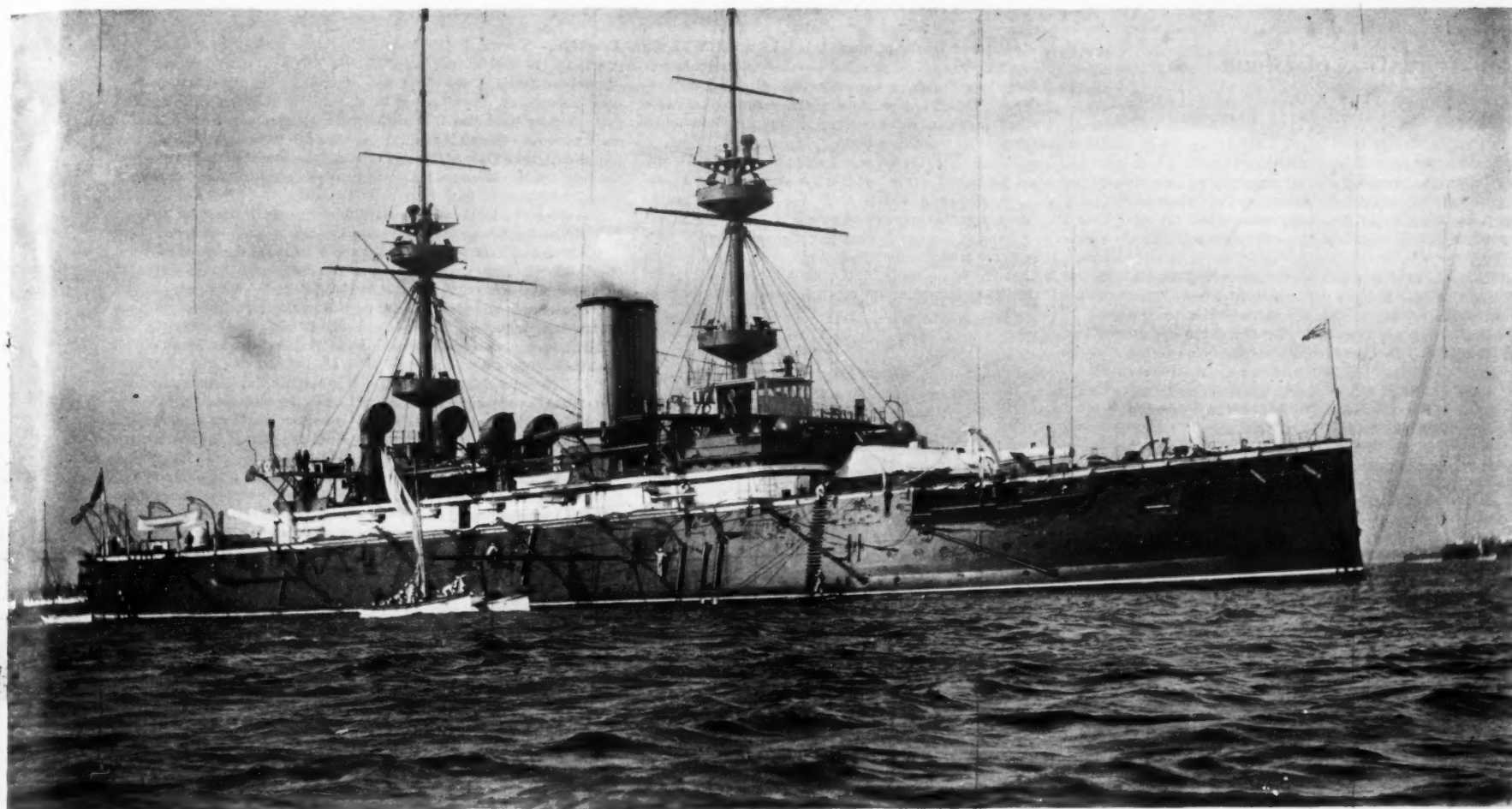
THE "IOWA," THE PRIDE OF OUR NAVY

CONSPICUOUS TYPES OF THE UNITED STATES, ENGLISH, A

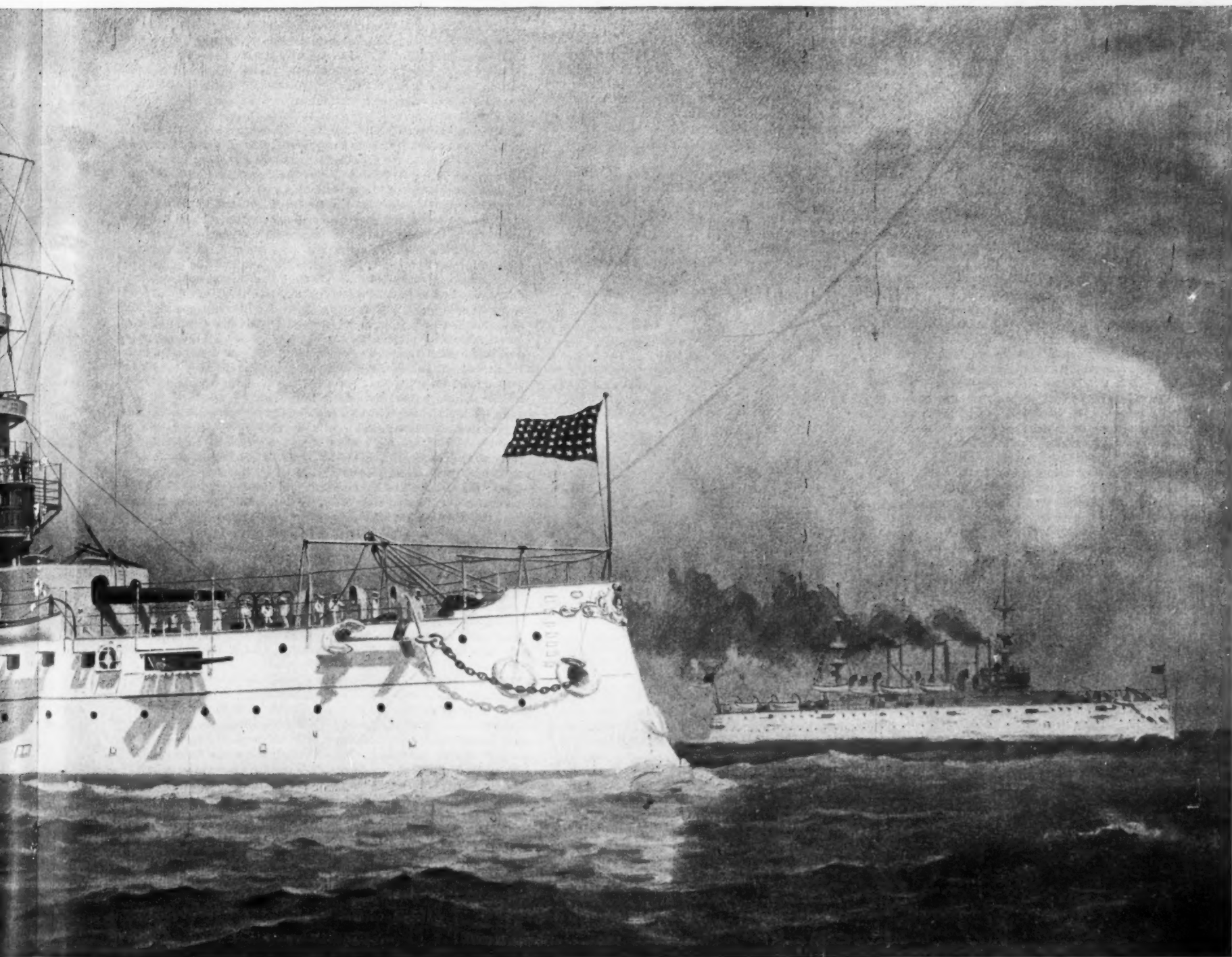
A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE OF THE "IOWA," IN TWELVE COLORS, FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. NOTICE TH OFFER



S WEEKLY.



THE ENGLISH BATTLE-SHIP "MAGNIFICENT."



BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."

OUR NAVY, OUTCLASSES THEM ALL.

ES, ENGLISH, AND SPANISH NAVIES.—(SEE PAGE 289.)

TH OFFER ON OUR ADVERTISING PAGE. DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY. THE EDITION IS LIMITED.



## An Armistice of Blood.

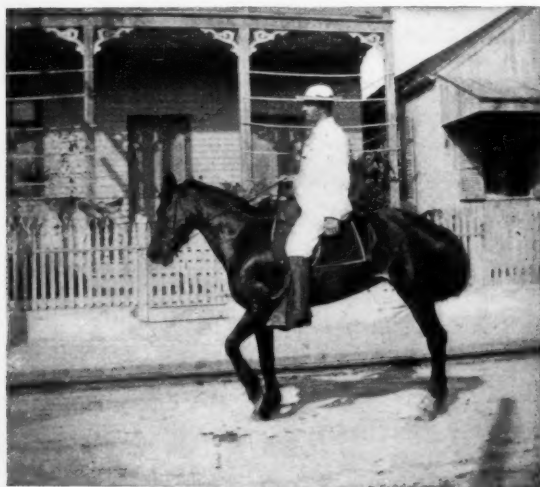
HOW THE INSURGENTS IN CUBA RECEIVE SPAIN'S LATEST PROPOSALS FOR PEACE—INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN CUBA OF OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

MATANZAS, April 18th, 1898.—From all accounts we seem to be the only American correspondents remaining on Cuban soil since General Lee and the other American consuls left the island on the *Fern*. At that time we were still lingering in Key West.

We meant to cross over to Cuba in the steamship *Olivette*, whose last proposed trip to Havana and return had been interrupted by running on one of the treacherous coral reefs of the Key West channel. By *we*, I mean C. E. Acres, the special war correspondent of the *London Times*, who had come all the way from England to join the Cuban insurgents in time to see them deliver their last blow for freedom; Cresson Schell, our artist, and myself. Great was our joy when the chartered British steamship *Matanzas* entered Key West harbor for orders before proceeding on her voyage to Cuba. Her captain had no hesitation about taking us on board his ship as passengers, though we received a hint that it might be well to make the trip across as members of the ship's company, who might or might not desert as soon as she got to Havana. As sailors we went, therefore, and as irresponsible sailors we disappeared over the ship's side next morning, when our pilot had brought us safely past the lowering guns of Morro Castle, past the wreckage of the *Maine*, and the treacherous buoy that lured her to her fate.

The price of bread and other necessities has been rising ever since the departure of the American ships from the harbor, but this did not seem to interfere with the general gaiety of the open-air life of Havana. On the bill-boards we saw flaring posters of operettas and farce-comedies, announcing performances at various local play-houses for that same evening, to-



OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CUBA.

gether with General Blanco's official pronouncement of the proposed armistice, preceded by this somewhat apologetic introduction:

"In obedience to the pressure brought by the great Powers, Spain has granted to the insurgents that which she refused to the United States."

A few minutes afterward we met a body of haggard-looking troops marching in quickstep past the market-place and down the street leading to one of the city gates. There were some faint cheers. They had been "ordered out to enforce the armistice."

Our accent betrayed us as *Americanos*, causing the dark features of our informant to lighten up wonderfully as he added, significantly, "Gomez will get them."

"Where is General Gomez?" I asked, only to receive the disconcerting answer: "Oh, here, there, and everywhere. He and Rafael de Cardenas have joined forces between Matanzas and Santa Clara."

This was as I expected, and gave us Matanzas as an objective point until we could make our promised connection with a trusted friend and college class-mate now serving in the Cuban



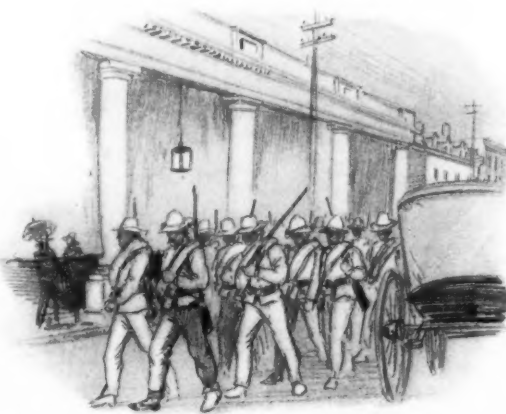
SPANISH SOLDIERS DEFENDING THE TROCHA.

ranks and acting as occasional go-between for filibustering parties and emissaries from the United States.

Next day we were on the way to Matanzas, and there we procured two Cuban ponies. The nature of our errand compelled us to tuck away our erstwhile credentials as special correspondents and artist for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* to assume the guise of German newspaper correspondents eager to lend their pens and

pencils to vindicate the cause of much-injured Spain. We were aided by a happily fluent command of German and certain credentials kindly lent to us by a representative of *Die Illustrierte Zeitung*. Frank Schell's German-sounding name also came handy, though my Yankee patronymic, Emerson, had to be discarded for the more Gothic-sounding Flegelhuber.

As Herr Flegelhuber, therefore, I gained the high road, and accompanied by Schell, armed with a kodak, sketch-book, and field glasses, ambled on to the trocha. We reached it just in time to witness a rather spirited reception of the decree of armistice by a band of insurgents charging upon the Spanish out-post. They did so with so much dash that we were glad enough to get behind the stone walls of the little stronghold, where we could watch the struggle and count the dead and wounded.



SPANISH SOLDIERS GOING TO ENFORCE THE ARMISTICE, AT HAVANA, APRIL 20TH, 1898.

When it was all over, and all the details of the "enthusiasm evoked among the populace by the announcement of armistice" had been duly dispatched to the Governor of Matanzas, we were graciously allowed to accompany a detail of two luckless insurgent prisoners who had been betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards while trying to see their women-folk. The poor creatures ran along in the vain hope of getting their men off on the plea that an armistice had been declared.

Striking off from the charred ruins of a burnt hacienda into the trail indicated by my Cuban friend, we managed to cross the trocha unobserved. A rough voice suddenly commanded us to halt, and an ugly-looking gun-barrel gleamed before us. I made haste to fumble my credentials to General Gomez from the place where I had them concealed, and flung them to the picket. There was a scurrying in the bushes behind us, then a weather-beaten insurgent came out and led us on to the insurgents' camp.

Here we stayed, courteously received and well treated, until, after an afternoon and night of waiting, my friend appeared with news from Gomez, on the other side of the Santa Clara border. He told us that the old general, so far from paying any attention to the armistice, had already started on a raid into the province of Puerto Principe, so that it would be idle to attempt to join him unless we intended to remain in Cuba throughout the war.

Reluctantly we had to plan to beat our way through to the



ARREST OF TWO INSURGENTS.

coast, to join a filibustering schooner about to return to Key West. This we do after a quick return to Matanzas to send you these dispatches by the briefest route.

How we accomplished this, and how we happened to assist at another bloody incident of the "armistice" before reaching the coast, cannot be herewith communicated to you.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

## "Clear Ship for Action."

THE RECENT MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

(From an eye-witness on board the flag-ship "Brooklyn.")

On April 13th 2,000 officers and men of the United States Navy, on five ships of war, left Hampton Roads under sealed orders and presumably for the purpose of engaging in deadly strife with men of another nation. Of these 2,000 men, but a few more than a score had had the privilege of saying good-bye to those they love, and yet there was not a murmur of dissatisfaction, although each one knew that the voyage might be his last. But if this immobility of action demonstrated an innate bravery coupled with a discipline that is certainly a remarkable feature of the American navy, an incident of the first night at sea accentuated the presence of that discipline.

Retiring-time on board a man-of-war is early, because of the early rising-hour and the arduous labor of the day, and at nine o'clock very nearly all the men, except the few on watch, have retired. It was shortly after nine o'clock on the flag-ship

*Brooklyn*. Forward, the hammocks were swinging, rocked gently by the roll of the ship. In the ward-room five or six officers sat reading, chatting, and smoking. On the quarter-deck Lieutenant Doyle paced to and fro in silence, while in their respective cabins Commodore Schley and Captain Cook and executive officer Lieutenant-Commander Mason sat awaiting a call that they alone knew would be made. The ship, sleeping on the bosom of the ocean, is in port-dress and not stripped for action.

"A steamer's smoke on the port bow!" reports the man at look-out on the bridge.

"All right. Can you make her out?" answers the officer of the deck.

"A man-of-war, sir," answers the look-out.

"Messenger, tell the captain and Mr. Mason," quietly responds Mr. Doyle.

Mr. Mason comes on deck and, with Mr. Doyle, watches the boat through glasses.

"Call the musicians," says Mr. Mason, sharply, to the messenger, and the musicians come. Still the big ship and its inmates sleep, still the officers in the ward-room chat and smoke, while others have already retired. Still Mr. Mason and Mr. Doyle keep the glasses up.

"Sound the call to general quarters!" says Mr. Mason, and the drum rolls a diapason to the trumpet's shrill treble. Then comes a transformation that knows no equal for its suddenness of action and shifting of scene. From the quarters pour forth men dressing themselves as they come, never waiting for shoes or stockings. The siren shrieks forth its weird steam blast, the big gong clangs, the drum rolls, and before their clamor has ceased its echo every part of the ship, from the depths of the hold to the top of the military mast, is filled with active, bustling men. From both forward and aft bridges the bright search-lights have begun to work, and the rest of the fleet have, quicker, almost, than thought, been notified of the approach of an enemy, and their search-lights are aiding in making brighter than daylight the darkness in which a torpedo-boat might approach.

But of the transformation! Three minutes and a half of what appears to be the direst confusion, but which is really the acme of discipline and order, have elapsed, and the commanders of the various divisions report. Mr. Rush, in command of the second division, including the after eight-inch turret and the port eight inch turret, reports, "All ready, second division, sir," and following him comes the report of each division.

The great iron-clad is ready to fight, and the bugler blows "Silence!" while the men, at a fearful tension, the most difficult, nerve-testing period of the whole situation, await orders.

What has occurred during the three minutes consumed in putting this big engine of war in shape to hurl death and destruction is marvelous in its immensity and a great tribute to the ability of Captain Cook and his corps of officers. It is hardly possible to recite its details, but here are some of its features as noticed by me as an eye-witness: At the note of warning 500 men have, in perfect order, taken their various stations and begun the work of "clearing ship for action." In the three and a half minutes consumed they have closed over 200 water-tight doors, thus making compartments that will keep the ship afloat, although some compartments may be injured. They have coupled all the hose to the fire-plugs, covered the small boats with wet canvas to keep them from flying splinters if hit; put up splinter nets of rope about the pilot-house, gun-sponsons, and other exposed places; taken down davits, hand-rails, and anchor-davits, and laid them on deck so as to give the guns a clear sweep; removed everything movable or destructible from deck; covered all hatches with steel covers; lowered all interfering ventilating pipes; dropped overboard small boats, gang-ways, paint-tubs, and other deck furniture; filled all division tubs with fresh water; lashed the anchors more securely; and furnished all the extra mechanical devices necessary for the service of the guns.

In the heart of the vessel the engineers have coupled the four big engines and turned steam on in the seventy-five auxiliary engines. All of the big boilers have been fired up and the stokers are pouring in coal; the dynamos have been put in service to work battle-circuits; the turret-turning engines tried; the ammunition-boist engines and steering engines, fire-pumps and ventilating and force-draught blowers made ready. Two thirds of the engineer corps stay in the main engine- and fire-rooms and one-third go to the auxiliary engines.

Magazines have been opened and preparation made for ammunition shipment to each of the forty guns by the hoists and cars prepared for fast delivery. In the fighting tops of the military mast the men have hoisted up ammunition for the one-pounders, and are ready with their guns. On the bridges the signal-men, range-finders, and search-light men have made ready and are at work. In the pilot-house or conning-tower the men are at the wheel, and others at the speaking-tubes and other devices controlling the ship by signal.

In the sick-bay the surgeons have gotten out cases of glittering instruments, rolls of lint, splints, bandages, and other gruesome suggestions of possible disaster and death to some. In the torpedo-rooms gratings have been removed, air pressure turned on for the purpose of charging air-flasks; the heavy torpedoes rolled in and the tubes prepared. And lastly, the American flag, Old Glory, that has floated from the flag-staff at the stern of the ship, comes down with the staff, while two Old Glories take its place at the truck of each of the military masts, the breeze whistling through their folds defiance to an enemy.

Three minutes have elapsed. On the forward bridge Commodore Schley and Captain Cook stand watching the enemy's approach.

"Silence!" blows the bugle, and there is death-like stillness.

"Load!" comes another signal, and there is a second's bustle as the charges are rammed home in the big guns.

Then "Silence!" again comes the order, and the guns are ready for use at the word "Fire!"

But there is no firing and no enemy. Commodore Schley has tested his fleet and found it ready. Upon each ship exactly similar work has been done—a practical demonstration of the discipline in the United States Navy. (See illustrations.)

GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

OLD POINT COMFORT, April 19th, 1898.



## Life Insurance Notes.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

THE members of mutual-benefit societies and fraternal orders, commonly called assessment companies, under the guise of benevolent associations, will be interested in the recent opinion of Judge McAdam, of the New York Supreme Court. A member of the Society of Select Guardians fell sick and brought suit to recover \$675, alleging that he was entitled, when disabled, under the laws of the organization, to receive not exceeding \$25 per week, and not more than \$1,000 at the expiration of seven years' membership. He only received \$325 for sick benefits during the seven years, and sought to recover the balance of the \$1,000. The defense of the company was that a by-law provided that when the amount of one assessment (after deducting one-third for the reserve fund) aggregated less than \$1,000 the sum payable to a certificate-holder should not exceed the amount actually realized. Judge McAdam was compelled to find for the defendants, but he did not hesitate to say that the whole concern was nothing "more or less than a game of chance or gamble, which has no place in any system of life insurance. The officers of the defendant evidently did the best they could, but the scheme would not work. Fraternal societies should not engage in methods which are delusive, for they are fraught with danger to an unsuspecting and worthy class of people seeking to guard against improvidence." Judge McAdam's words should be borne in mind by all of our readers who belong to any of the so-called benevolent and fraternal orders. How many of these have read the by-laws of their orders and how many know precisely what those by-laws mean?

"C. B. L." of Memphis, Tennessee, tells me that an agent of an opposition company gives him figures to show that it earns a larger rate of interest than any one of the three great New York companies. He wants to know if the agent's figures are correct. I reply that I have no doubt that the agents of any other company will produce tables showing an equally favorable condition of the concerns they represent. It has been said that figures do not lie, but nothing is susceptible of greater perversion than figures, and especially insurance figures. "C. B. L." also asks if I would advise him to take an annual dividend, or a non-participating policy on the twenty-year plan. The twenty-year plan is very popular, because it usually stipulates exactly what it will do for the insured, and a determinative period is fixed. Something depends, of course, upon the circumstances of the applicant. Either policy is good, if it is taken out in a sound, conservative old-line company.

"E. P. F." of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, asks the following questions, to which I will endeavor to reply: First, "Do the various expenses of the Northwestern Mutual Life Company, amounting in 1896 to \$2,821,000, include commissions on either old or new business, or both?" I answer that, as I understand the report, this amount includes all commissions, whether on new or old business. Second, "Is this not a better showing, on the basis of ratio of expenses for business done, than the New York Life or other insurance companies make, during the same period?" Answer: The ratio of expenses to business done is not an absolutely safe basis for determining the relative value of insurance companies. A company that is not doing any new business at all would show very favorably in this respect, while one that is taking in plenty of "fresh blood," as it is called, which is essential to the best results, would show perhaps a much larger ratio of expense to business done. Third, "Is it not true that the superiority of the dividends of the Northwestern Mutual is due as much to greater economy in the management as to higher average earnings?" Answer: The dividends of the Northwestern have been large in the past, chiefly for two reasons. First, it has been able to secure the larger rates of interest offered by Western farm mortgages; secondly, its low cash-surrender values allowed to its policy-holders who were compelled to lapse their contracts, left it a larger balance for dividends. The case of Frank H. Koehler, of New York City, is cited. I am told that he applied for a cash surrender on his policy on December 27th, 1893, and under date of January 3d, in a letter from John I. D. Bristol, manager for New York City, he was offered \$33.29 for his policy, whereas he supposed that the reserve on his contract was \$134. Mr. Bristol, in his letter to Mr. Koehler, explained the situation by this statement: "Were the Northwestern a loaning company or a cash-surrender-value company, its dividends to policy-holders would not exceed, as now, those of all other companies under similar policies." Fourth, "Are the investments of the Northwestern as safe as those of the large Eastern companies?" Answer: Many of the assets of the Northwestern consist of loans on Western farm property. This is not the kind of investment that the great New York companies prefer. The interest-earnings of the Northwestern are now little, if any, larger than those of the Eastern companies. It is issuing policies that grant loans and cash-surrender values, and thus, according to its own statement, it has cut off a source of profit, and it looks to me as if its dividends must be reduced in the future. Fifth, "How do you account for the Union Central's guaranteeing, in their Twenty-Payment, Life-Rate Endowment, an amount considerably in excess of the reserve, as calculated by the actuary's four per cent., which table they profess to use?" Answer: The Union Central, I believe, charges an extra premium to cover the guarantee over the full reserve. Sixth, "For what is a New York Life Company's policy forfeitable, during the first year of the policy?" Answer: For but one reason, and that is fraud. Seventh, "Do not fraudulent statements in the application vitiate a life-insurance contract at any time during the life of the policy?" Answer: It is generally so held. Eighth, "How do you determine the comparative success of the management of the companies?" This is a difficult question to answer in the short compass of this article. So many elements enter into the question that I cannot differentiate as to their respective merits. The company's annual statement, the amount of its business, the character of its assets, the general indications of its prosperity, and of its conservative management—all these things are considered, besides others that I need not dilate upon.

*The Hermit.*

## Eager for Battle.

HOW THE "MARBLEHEAD" RECEIVED A REPORT THAT WAR HAD BEEN DECLARED.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

KEY WEST, April 21st, 1898.—Any one who doubts the bravery of the American sailor should have witnessed the mad enthusiasm with which the common seamen of the United States cruiser *Marblehead* the other day received what they believed to be the first news of our declaration of war with Spain. The *Marblehead* was taking on her last supply of ammunition at the government wharf off Fort Taylor, prior to joining her sister-ships in the formidable fleet of war-vessels.

No news of the final proceedings of Congress had as yet reached the commander, and nothing was known save the report that the North Atlantic Squadron had sailed from Hampton Roads under sealed orders.

The last few cases of ammunition were just being hoisted on board the *Marblehead*, and every man able to lift a hand had been ordered out by the officer of the deck to expedite the work. At that moment the government messenger, who usually brings the daily weather report from the Washington Meteorological Bureau, as well as all cipher dispatches intended for the fleet, was seen to approach the dock, from which all civilians are excluded, bearing aloft an official dispatch, which he waved in his hands as he caught sight of First-Lieutenant J. H. A. Nichols, of the *Marblehead*, under whose orders the work on the dock was being hastened to a close, and by whose courtesy, likewise, Mr. Schell, the chief of the special artists for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, was permitted to remain on the spot to make a rapid sketch of the scene, while I stood by his side.

"What do you bring?" called out the officer, as the messenger came within hearing distance.

"You know," was the rather evasive reply.

But to Lieutenant Nichols, evidently, there was nothing ambiguous about that, for, turning with a radiant smile toward his men, he exclaimed:

"Well, boys, it's come at last."

In an instant all ropes, tools, and powder-cases dropped from the sailors' hands, and this was followed by pandemonium and frantic expressions of delight sweeping all before. This delirium of fierce joy spread at once to the spectators on land and to the crews on the other war-ships in the harbor, so that the air was rent with the mad cheers and shrill tootings of steam-whistles that sped the news on from ship to ship, until far in the distance the tiniest speck of a man wig-wagging his signal-pencil from the bridge of the flag-ship *New York*, riding the billows in the blue haze of the gulf, could be seen making his joyful response to the signal-flags displayed from every yard-arm.

While this was going on the messenger had reached the officer on the government wharf, and from him the crestfallen lieutenant learned that all this patriotic demonstration had been in vain.

The messenger brought nothing but the usual every-day weather report, and he seemed at a loss to understand how his simple words could have been fraught with such bitter disappointment.

"Fooled again," muttered the lieutenant, angrily, and curtly ordered his men to return to their work.

The signal-flags slid down their halyards, the noisy steam-whistles were silenced, and the cheering on board the other ships subsided.

Gloom once more settled on the waiting fleet.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

## Financial—Gold and Stocks.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

THE tremendous inflow of gold from abroad has come most opportunely. If the gold reserve of the government at present were at the low ebb to which it had fallen during the bond-selling era of the Cleveland administration, gold would have been at a premium to-day, and Wall Street knows what that has always meant. If Congress should get into a squabble over a bond issue, by reason of the insistence of the silver men on payment in "coin" as opposed to "gold," our borrowing facilities would be seriously taxed, and it is more than possible that a premium on gold might result. In that event, it is difficult to believe that stocks could be maintained at their normal level.

There are those in the market on the bull side who insist that stocks are as low as they ought to go, whether we have war or not, but I cannot agree with this view of the situation. A conflict continuing beyond a few weeks would inevitably seriously disturb financial conditions and jeopardize stock values. Old and conservative operators who have kept aloof from the market to a great extent have done so because of their fear of a smash-up in Wall Street consequent upon a war panic.

If war ensues I cannot believe that the market can stand up against the grave uncertainties of the situation. A real war, with naval engagements in which the new battle-ships would be fairly tried for the first time in the world's history, might result in a temporary defeat for us or an overwhelming defeat for Spain. War would mean grave uncertainty, and the pools that now sustain the market would fall to pieces.

A war market offers opportunities for gamblers, because it is largely beyond the control of speculative cliques. Of course a clique may circulate false intelligence and on this may buy or sell, but it cannot control the movements of armies. The God of destiny decides how battles shall be won or lost, and on such events the course of the market in time of war largely depends. One important fact must not be lost sight of in the event of war, and that is that the government would at once appear in the market bidding for money. The government would become the great borrower of funds, and its loans would be the most gilt-edged that could be had.

The larger the loan the government required the lower would be the price at which it would sell. If it sought to borrow \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000 such a loan could be floated at par, even if the rate of interest were three or three and a half per cent., provided the obligation were payable in gold. But if a loan aggregating \$500,000,000 or more were sought, even a gilt-edged bond at three and a half per cent. would scarcely realize

much more than par, because it would call for such an enormous amount. If it were a "coin" bond, payable either in gold or silver, it is doubtful if a \$500,000,000 loan could be floated at par.

When the government appears as a borrower of money, paying a fair rate of interest, it naturally comes into competition in the stock-market with every security, gilt-edged and otherwise, that is seeking a purchaser. When a government bond is offered to an investor, at about the same price at which he can purchase a gilt-edged railroad bond, his preference obviously is given to the government bond, because that is deemed to be the best security that can be had. It will be seen, therefore, that the more money the government takes out of the loaning market, the less there will be left to invest in securities, and the natural result would be the sale of securities by cautious people who desire to secure the best investment, and who would therefore turn their money from railway and industrial shares into government bonds. With the plethora of securities will come a drop in prices, and I cannot see, therefore, what there is in the statement of certain Wall Street magnates that a war will not result in a depression of prices. I admit that a brief war, quickly ended, involving comparatively small expense to our government, might not seriously depress prices, but a prolonged contest, involving an expenditure of hundreds of millions on our part, would certainly at first lead to a stagnation of prices, and ultimately to a serious decline.

"W. D. H." of Milwaukee, asks for the cause of the recent advance in American Express stock, and the decline in Adams Express stock. "W. D. H." will remember that Adams Express recently gave to its stockholders a dividend of 100 per cent. in debenture bonds. Of course this means that the stockholders will get just as much, in the shape of returns, as they did before, because what is lost by the decrease in dividends on the stock is made up by the interest on the debentures. The American Express Company is a close corporation, and the street is generally puzzled over the advance in the price of its stock. Whether it portends an increase in the dividends or the securing of new business or some other advantage, no one seems to know outside of the corporation, and no one in the corporation, at this writing, is inclined to tell. The express stocks referred to are both looked upon as good investments.

A Chicago subscriber says he owns forty shares of Canada Southern Railroad stock, and would like to know why the papers always speak of the New York Central's absorbing the Michigan Central, while never mentioning the Canada Southern. I reply that the Canada Southern has already been absorbed by the Michigan Central. Whatever is said of the Michigan Central in connection with the proposed combination obviously includes the Canada Southern. A copy of the annual report of the Canada Southern Railroad can be obtained by addressing Colonel H. C. Duval, secretary to President Depew, at the Grand Central Station in this city. JASPER.

## Three Great Battle-ships.

WE picture on pages 280-281 three of the finest modern battle-ships, two of which are prominent in our difficulty with Spain—the *Magnificent*, of the English navy, the *Pelayo* of Spain, and our own invincible *Iowa*. England leads the world in her naval equipment. She has twenty-nine first-class battle-ships, France only fifteen, Russia fourteen, and the United States nine. Of all England's war-vessels, the *Magnificent* is the largest, best-equipped, and most formidable. Her tonnage is 15,000, and she has a speed of seventeen and a half knots per hour. She is the flag-ship of the English Channel squadron, and is commanded by Rear-Admiral Fellowes. The *Pelayo* is a steel vessel of 9,900 tons displacement, was built in 1887, and has been extensively remodeled. Her armor consists of a belt seventeen and three-quarters inches in thickness, extending from her bow to the stern. Her guns are protected by armor nine inches and one-quarter inches thick, and her deck armor is four inches thick. She is rated at sixteen knots an hour. The *Pelayo* has a most formidable armament for a vessel of her size, consisting of two twelve-inch, two eleven-inch, and nine five-inch rifles, and twelve machine-guns. She has seven torpedo-tubes. Her complement is 600 men. Our own steel battle-ship, the *Iowa*, has been declared by a naval writer to be the king of the seas. Although her tonnage is less than that of the English vessel, being only 11,410, for fighting purposes she is admittedly more powerful and more effective. Her armament is better and of finer quality. Theoretically, the English boat is half a knot faster than the *Iowa*, but really they have the same speed. At one discharge of her guns the *Iowa* can throw 6,724 pounds of metal. The English ship of her class can throw only 2,740 pounds. The *Iowa* is one of Sampson's squadron, and is commanded by the still more famous "Fighting Bob" Evans. With her superior equipment and with such a commander, the *Iowa* is bound to make a brilliant record for herself.

## "Can I Speak With You?"

"How" is the title of a well-printed little book of 165 pages, the greatest book of its character of the year. It tells you how to do 150 different things of interest to men, women, and children, and will be sent to any one who will cut out this notice from LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and forward it with ten cents in stamps or currency, to the Arkell Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. "How" is full of just the kind of information that every person wants.

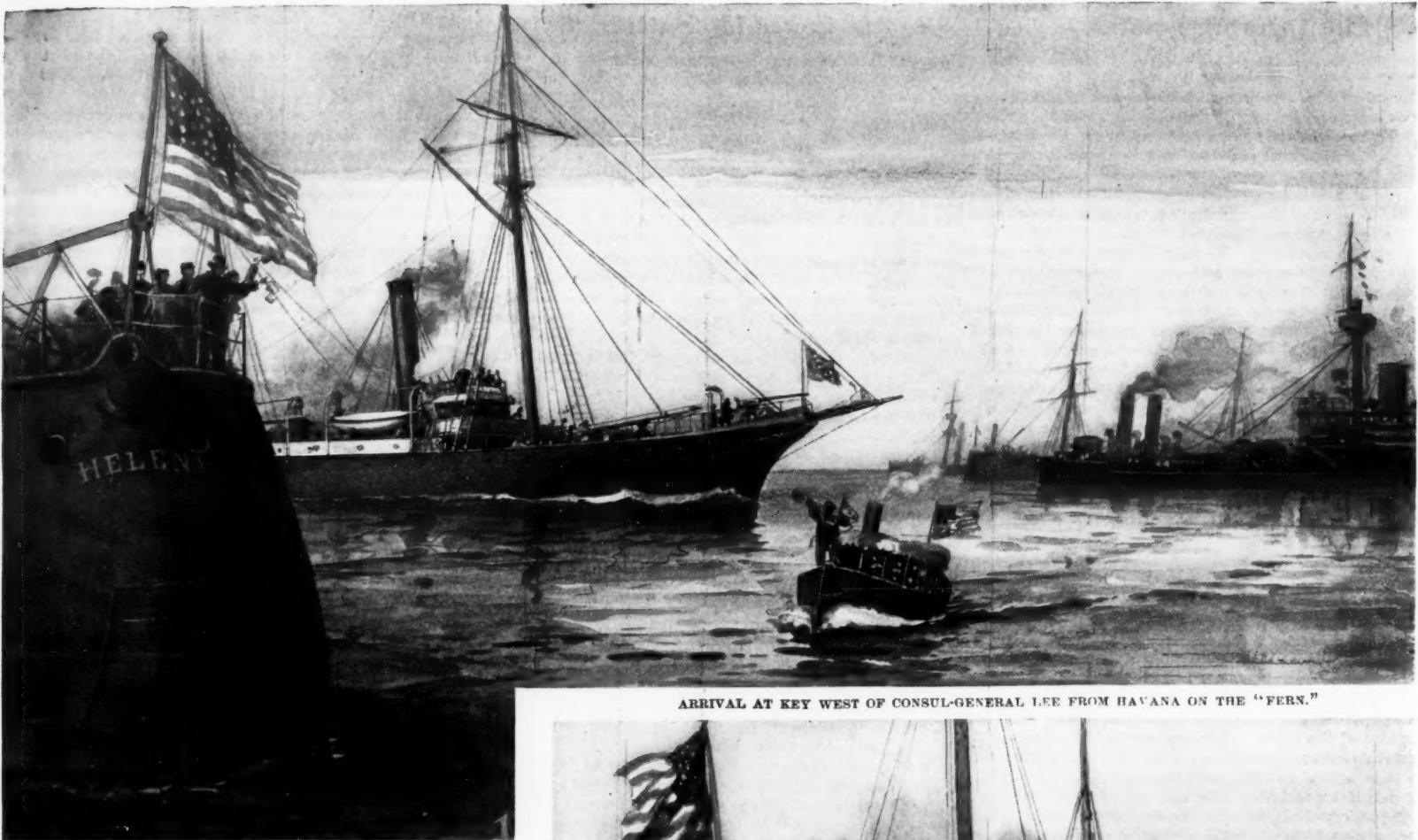
## A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free. \*

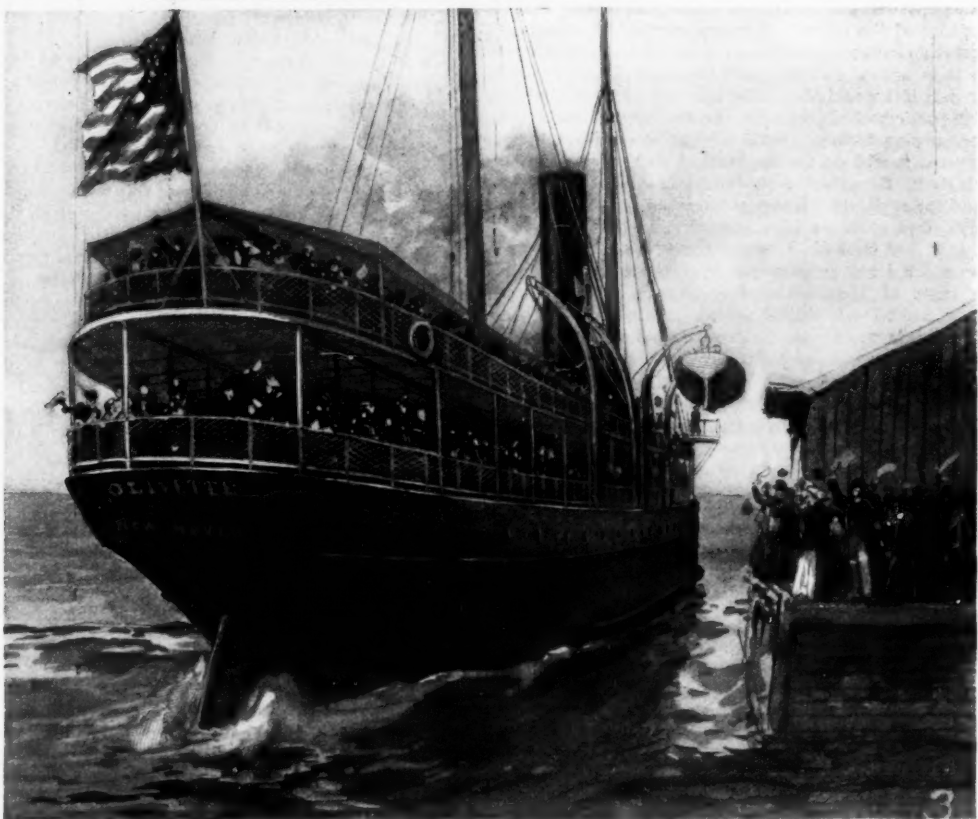
## RECIPES SENT FREE.

THE New York Condensed Milk Company, New York, send free upon request, a pamphlet of recipes very valuable to housekeepers. They are the proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Best infant food.





ARRIVAL AT KEY WEST OF CONSUL-GENERAL LEE FROM HAVANA ON THE "FERN."

EXCITEMENT ON THE "MARBLEHEAD" OVER A RUMOR OF WAR.  
*From a rapid sketch.*

THE "OLIVETTE" LEAVING FOR TAMPA CROWDED WITH REFUGEES.



NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AND NAVAL OFFICERS AT KEY WEST.

## KEY WEST, THE CENTRE OF WAR INTEREST.

SKETCHES BY F. C. SCHELL, CHIEF OF OUR STAFF OF SPECIAL ARTISTS AT THE FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 283.]





If your hands are rough, hard or chapped from the repeated washings necessary to keep them free from the office dirt, examine carefully the soap you use. If it is a cheap toilet soap you will find that it is greasy, acrid and irritating.

Ivory Soap makes a profuse lather that removes the dirt and rinses easily, leaving the skin soft and clean.

If your office force is large there are two considerations that will recommend Ivory Soap to you. It is quick in action, saving time, and is inexpensive.

Send the office boy for some and try it.

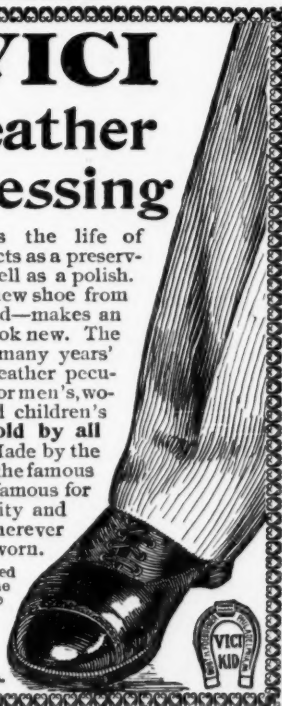
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MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE COLD TO BE GOOD; TO SERVE IN PERFECT CONDITION, POUR OVER CRACKED ICE. (NOT SHAVEN) STIR AND STRAIN OFF.

G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN. AND 20, PRINCELY W., LONDON, ENGLAND.

# The Wanamaker Store.

## Certain Special Matters

In a store of this size and in such a business as this, it is the unusual which becomes the every-day occurrence. Things which would be extraordinary in the experience of smaller dealers are commonplace matters to the Wanamaker Store.

Here are certain matters of goods and prices which are really very unusual in every-day news stories, and, indeed, somewhat out of the common run of things, even for us.

### 12½c. Printed Cotton Grenadines, for 5c. a yard

They cost the maker nearly double our present price. They are in the same handsome printings which you find in the very choicest of the Organdie Lawns. The patterns are principally floral—light, graceful, dainty summery designs of flowers and leaves on black grounds. There are also many patterns of dots, stripes, and figures in white on grounds of navy blue, black, and heliotrope. Five Cents a Yard, only

### 16c. Quality Striped Piques, at 10c. a yard

It is whispered in mercantile circles that Piques are bound to become scarce before the summer is over, for the demand for them is great and growing. That makes this chance all the more important. They are very pretty goods, self-striped in cadet and Yale blue, cardinal and black.

### Some Important Silk Prices

We have twenty-two thousand yards of the choicer kinds of summer silks here, which we offer to you at less than the regular importer's wholesale prices. You can buy by the yard at less than we can usually buy by the thousand yards in foreign markets. All are French and Swiss goods, rich in check and small plaid patterns, new and pretty and desirable. A few hints of price and pattern follow, but samples will tell more.

At 50c. a yd.—1,000 yards of rich, colored Bengalines; the raised cord is filled with a little cotton; 18 colors.

At 55c. a yd.—800 yards of checked Taffeta; triple colored checks on white grounds; 12 patterns.

At 60c. a yd.—1,800 yards of rich plaid Taffetas; double colors on white and colored grounds; 14 new styles.

At 65c. a yd.—1,000 yards of evening silks. Jacquard satins; in white, ciel, pink, turquoise, nile yellow, lilac and cerise.

At 70c. a yd.—400 yards all silk satin Liberty; printed with white dots on lavender, cadet blue, navy blue, marine blue, cardinal, brown and heliotrope grounds.

At 75c. a yd.—4,000 yards plaid Taffeta silks; 8 styles black and white, 3 styles blue and white, 40 styles Scotch plaids,

3 styles shepherd's checks, 6 styles Rob Roy.

At 80c. a yd.—5,000 yards rich figured Taffetas from France. All black; the figures are small, the styles are elegant; 20 patterns.

At 90c. a yd.—2,800 yards heavy plaid Taffeta silks and ombre check fancy silks; 5 styles black and white 8 styles blue and white, 12 styles in triple colors, 12 styles in ombre blocks. A particularly rich and heavy silk.

At 95c. a yd.—1,400 yards rich black and white Pekin Taffetas; 8 styles of stripes.

At \$1 a yd.—800 yards rich brocaded plaid Taffetas. Colors are pink and black with white, blue and black with white, Char treuse and black with white, cerise and black with white, corn and black with white, blue and black with nile and so on

JOHN WANAMAKER

Broadway

Section 189

New York

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A SMITH & WESSON Revolver

may be of

more value than a bag of gold-dust. Take one with you.

Our catalogue of heavy calibre mailed on application.

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At all dealers or send for catalogue.

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It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit, NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, with out nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

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Good For Young and Old. SEN-SEN CO. 247 N. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

**Cascarets**

CANDY CATHARTIC.

REGULATE THE LIVER

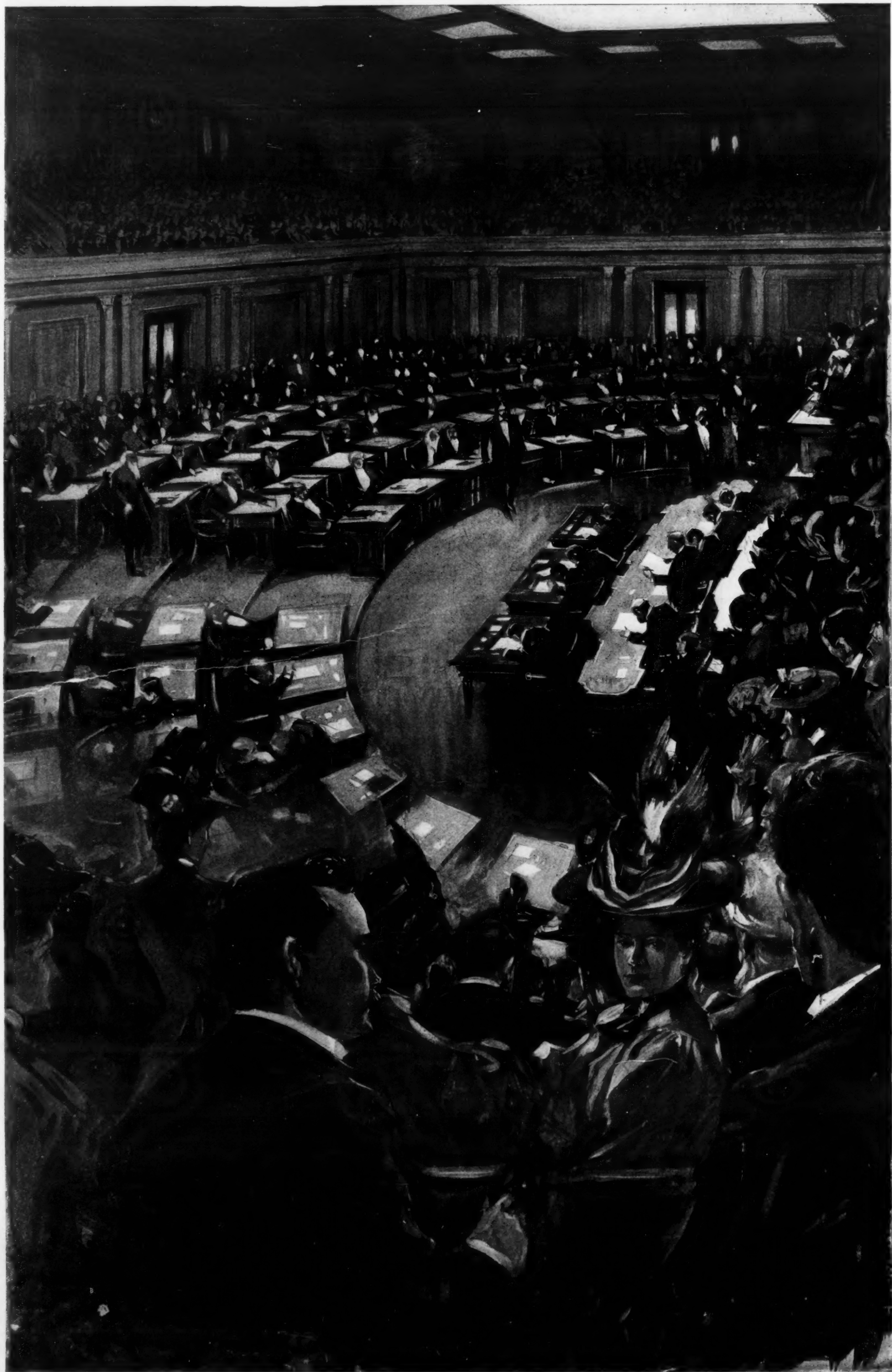
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CULMINATION OF THE WAR CRISIS IN WASHINGTON.

RECEPTION BY THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S MESSAGE ON THE CUBAN QUESTION.



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## WONDERLAND '98

**Rivers and Mountains**  
One thousand miles of them described.

**The Lake of the Leech**  
A beautiful lake in central Minn.

**The Agricultural Northwest**  
A chapter chock full of information

**A Canoe Trip Through The Park Region**  
A novel trip through a dozen lakes in the heart of the Park Region, Minn.

**Yellowstone National Park**  
An entirely new chapter on this wonderland of the world.

**Around Mt. Rainier**  
Incidents of a two weeks' outing among the glaciers and forests of this king of peaks.

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Reliable information regarding this region so unknown to us and now so much in the public eye.

Send Chas. S. Fee, of the Northern Pacific, St. Paul, Minn., SIX CENTS in stamps for it.

# PROPOSALS FOR SUPPLIES FOR THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT AND POSTAL SERVICE.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2, 1898.  
Sealed proposals will be received at this Department until Thursday, May 5, 1898, at 2 o'clock p. m. for furnishing wrapping paper, wrapping paper for facing slips, twine, letter scales, postmarking and rating stamps, rubber stamps, canceling ink, pads, paper, rubber goods, pens, pen holders, pencils, ink, maulage, glass goods, rulers, articles of steel, rubber erasers, books, typewriter supplies, and miscellaneous stationery, in such quantities of the different articles respectively, and at such times, and from time to time, as they may be ordered, during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1898, and ending June 30, 1899, for the use of any branch of the departmental or postal service.

Blanks for proposals, with specifications giving detailed statements of the requirements to be met in respect to each article, and also the estimated quantities probably to be required of each, and giving full instructions as to the manner of bidding and the conditions to be observed by bidders, will be furnished on application to the Superintendent of the Division of Post Office Supplies, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.

The Postmaster General reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to waive technical defects, and to accept any part of any bid and reject the other part.

JAMES A. GARY,  
Postmaster General.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood. 1,500 stores make you strong in health, nerve cases cured. Buy and pocket book. **NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$3.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterilized Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

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CHEW  
**Beeman's**  
The Original  
**Pepsin Gum**  
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

# MY GIRL.

WHEN Rose for calling is arrayed,  
In modish gown and nodding plume,  
She's such a bonny, winsome maid,  
I call her then my Rose in bloom.  
But when upon her wheel she spins,  
Merry, and in the best of humors;  
My admiration then she wins,  
And I call her my Rose in bloomers.  
—Judge.

# HIS AUTHORITY.

"Look here," said the policeman to a small merchant, "you can't sell goods that way without a license to peddle."

"Look at that," replied the merchant, as he drew from his pocket a bicyclist's tax-receipt. "What is that if it isn't a license to pedal?" — Judge.

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

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SEND a two-cent stamp to Edson J. Weeks, General Passenger Agent Philadelphia and Reading Railway, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and receive by return mail an illustrated booklet on Atlantic City, giving list of hotels and boarding-houses, as well as other information of value. Please note also that frequent fast trains equipped with Pullman parlor-cars and latest improved modern coaches run between Philadelphia and New York City via Philadelphia and Reading route.

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THE CELEBRATED  
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HEADS THE LIST  
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It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.  
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There is no variation in Crescent quality. The Crescent you buy has the same beauty, strength, and ease of running as the Crescent your neighbor rides. The experience of both will be the same in rare cycling pleasure; and the enjoyment of neither will be marred by learning that one bought his Crescent cheaper than the other.

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Vin Mariani is indorsed by the medical faculty all over the world. It is specially recommended for Nervous Troubles, Throat and Lung Diseases, Dyspepsia, Consumption, General Debility.

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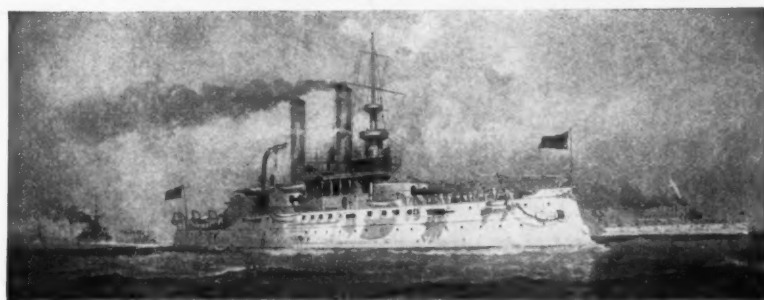
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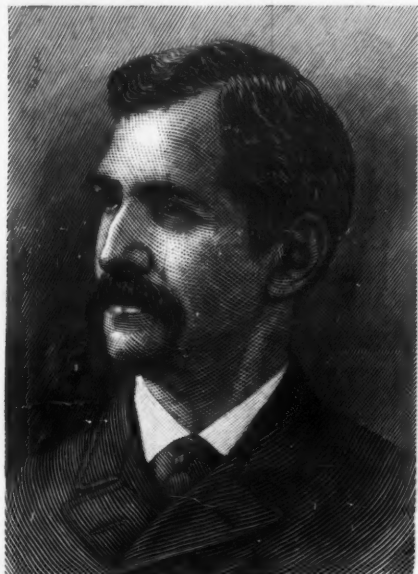
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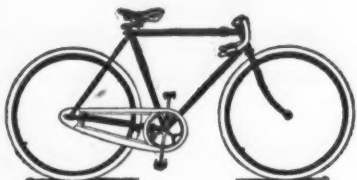
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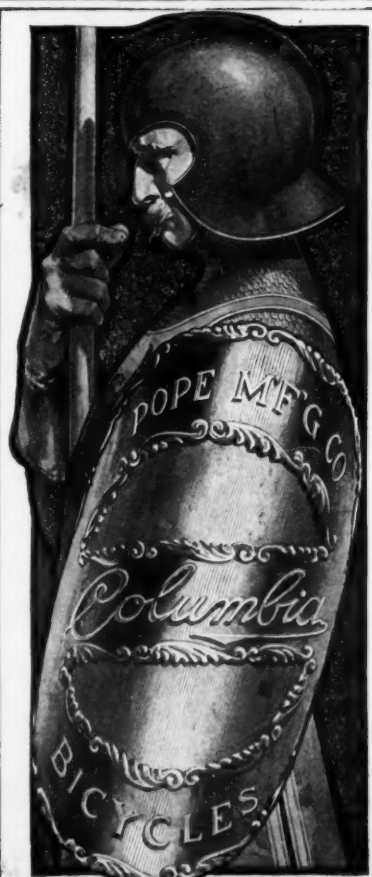
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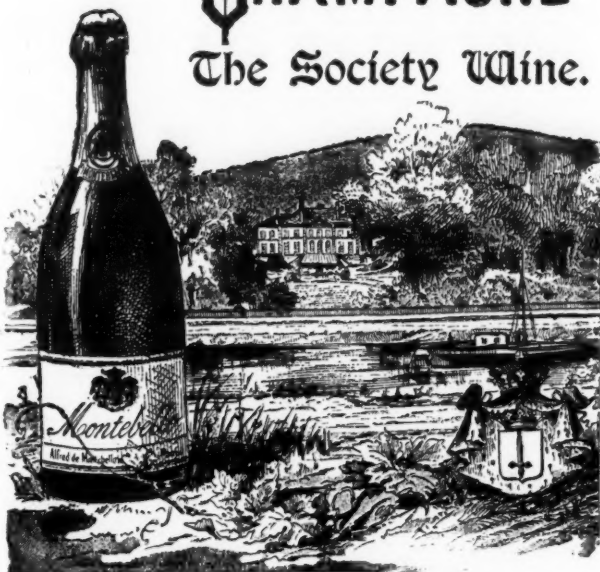
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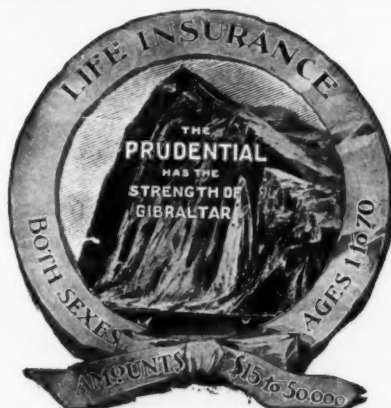
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